

# CAVALCADE

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# CAVALCADE

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Names in cartoons and writings other than

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## NEXT MONTH

"Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know" is a story by James Hall, which should be a woman. You won't want to miss it. If you don't you'll be sorry. "The Man Who Would Be King," a story by a man who was once the King. What would you like adventure about? You can get both in "The Magician's Doubts." The story of Walter Scott's "Waverley" has been told in "The Waverley." The Grand Duke's wife, PRIZZI, has given birth to "The Duke in the Beginning." Ray Davis describes certain health failures and their medical cures in "Right or Wrong." A remarkable series of well-illustrated stories, which all offer novelties and twists are well up to standard. The usual Cavalcade features are there, not forgetting the Name of the Month.

# HOOLEY HANDLED MILLIONS



PETER HARRIS/AVI

In 1927, a destitute old man died in a cheap lodging house in the small town of Long Eaton, Derbyshire. Eighty-seven years before, he had been born in that same town. He had returned there to die.

In the interim, more than £100,000,000 had passed through his hands. Over two years, in his heyday in the 1920s, he had promoted £7,000,000 in personal credit.

His name was a household word throughout England. He was a friend of King Edward VII. He owned a country estate in Derbyshire, another in Cambridgeshire, a town house in Mayfair, a brace of yachts.

The greatest and most successful of all company promoters, his name was Ernest Tosh Hooley. He was a financial genius, a master of millions.

But he was also a crook. He lived through the giddiness of the "twenties" who cavorted and lost in their affluence without scruples.

He was the son of a humble ironmonger. For a time he believed that tools himself. Eventually he left his 2-shillings-a-week job in trust in real estate in nearby Nottingham. He was energetic and shrewd and had a flair for property deals that caught big quick profits.

He turned to company promoting. His modus operandi was simple—but its efficacy has been proven by countless charts and is still being demonstrated.

It consisted, first, of the purchase of a small company.

A bigger company, with a high-sounding name, was then floated

to purchase the first company from Hooley and his clique at a price many times what they had paid for it. The price was paid by the issue of shares in the new company.

Hooley's problem was now to unload these shares on the public and collect his profit in cash. This was accomplished by some devious juggling of the books to show a profit, from which a dividend was paid to change as bait before prospective "takers."

To help the fraud along, a whispering campaign was started in the right quarters that the dividend this year was only Richardson in what it would be next year, saw that Ernest Tosh Hooley, the financial boy wonder, was off the top.

From all directions, wild investors descended upon the Hooley offices to "get in on the ground floor."

In a year or so the company would fail—very often simply because it was being run day in managing director Hooley paid himself fat fees and bonuses. Hooley would experiment with the different shareholders and more often than not talk them into trying to rescue their losses by a corner in a new flotation.

In 1926, Ernest Tosh Hooley, decided that he was too big for Nottingham. He moved to London, a hard-faced young scoundrel with cold eyes and an accumulated £300,000 which he was determined to build into millions. In 18 months he floated 28 companies with a total capital of £10,000,000.

Hooley's first big crop was the purchase with borrowed money of a famous rubber company for £3,000,000. Using his old method, but on a much larger scale, he promoted a new

company, which bought the old company he had acquired for £100,000. Hooley and his associates had made a clear profit of £100,000—"without adding one brick or one machine or the capacity to employ a single extra workman to the company's organization."

It was the booming 1920s and Hooley floated company after company with amazing rapidity. He obtained a quick reputation as a financial wizard. The public fell over themselves in a mad rush to subscribe millions for every Hooley flotation.

One of the first to realize the value of personal publicity and the creation of a "front" to lure the audience, Hooley declined the use of an ordinary office. He occupied an office floor at one of the greater London hotels and held court there like a monarch. The rent of £1000 a year meant nothing.

To him booked financiers, stockbrokers, investors, journalists, inventors and company sharks of all kinds with "investing propositions." It is said that as much as £200 was frequently paid to one of his underlings for the securing of an interview with the tycoon.

Hooley early realized the attraction of shares of small denominations for the investor with but a few £100 pounds. He split them down to a shilling. Shopkeepers and servants, clerks and clergymen poured out their savings and temporarily became rich readers of the newspaper financial columns.

The guinea-pig directors, while not invented by Ernest Tosh Hooley, really became a permanent fixture of the shady financial scene through him. A "guinea-pig," of course, is a

ated permanent service as a director of a company merely for the use of his name. His purpose is to attract class-conscious opinion and the like to dig deep in their stockings.

In Victorian days, a title was regarded with more awe than it is now. The "guru-pig" were to tell the master into the belief that it was good enough for "His Grace"; it must be good enough for their few pounds. Hussey had a set rule for their servants. A full-blown statesman could always command £22,000; a manager or an earl was worth £10,000 of Hussey's money, a plan, ordinary hereditors comparatively cheap—£2,000.

In his quest for publicity, Hussey alienated lavishly and gamed with gifts to charity. He moved with the blood-blush of fraud. He bought two yachts.

For somewhere to live, Hussey purchased Poynton Hall in Cheshire. A huge estate, it cost him £200,000 in improvements. Furniture accounted for another £60,000 of his lost. Smaller expenditure ranged from £1,000 for wine to £1,000 for buying a stock of capers.

Soon after acquiring Poynton Hall, Hussey became High Sheriff of Cheshire and visited the parades of his subjects. He made a gift of a service of gold plate, valued at £10,000, to the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

A knighthood was hunted to be in the offing. Hussey thought it would do no harm to help them along a little by presenting £20,000 to the Conservative Party.

By now he had begun to run with Hussey. The Prince of Wales later Edward VII invited him to Sand-

stephen for weekends. He wanted Hussey to join the select circle of millionaire friends with whom he surrounded himself—the Rothschilds, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir John Blairsted, Maple and others.

Hussey might have impressed the Prince, but the others did not take to him at all. The Prince noticed their cold shoulder and led Hussey over to Belmont, Lord Rothschild.

"Sorry," he said. "I want you to shake hands with my very particular friend, Hussey."

Rothschild grunted, but as His Royal Highness stayed to see what he did so, he had no choice but to obey. Street-Torch Hussey had really "arrived" socially.

Within a year, however, all had come crashing to the ground. During 1890 and 1891, Hussey failed companies with a nominal value of £300,000,000 and pocketed enormous retainers. Financial difficulties, accelerating, were haunting him.

He had to pump money back into many of his concerns to keep them alive. He was forced to discharge enormous sums in blackmail. He made it a policy (and a wise one) which kept him out of jail for many years of paying off any shareholder who turned nasty and seemed likely to cause trouble. His own incredible extravagance swallowed what was left.

The end was inevitable. In 1892, Revived Torch Hussey filed his own petition of bankruptcy, disclosing liabilities of £1,200,000. The bubble had burst. The blue-blooded friends who had vied with each other for his friendship and "picks" dropped him like a bad actor.

Hussey did not mind. By 1904, still

an undischarged bankrupt, he was off again courting the public to support an half-a-dozen crooked enterprises.

But his star had waned somewhat. Never again did he reach the heights he did in the 1890's. But he still made money—but money. He had left Poynton Hall and needed another residence. His wife produced £70,000 to buy a slightly overvalued property, Hussey Hall, in Derbyshire.

In 1908 he formed a company to exploit a gold concession in Siberia which he had received from the Russian Czar. Carefully he asked the company for one million pounds for the right. The Russians, to whom he had paid £10,000, considered that preposterous and withdrew his concession.

Undeterred with this failure, Hussey reached into his bag and produced a scheme to exploit 18 square miles of forest land in Newfoundland. It was followed by a grandiose plan to turn a small English town for which he had paid £10,000 into a one million pound plantation.

These companies—and scores of others—kept the salt from Hussey's door the years. As a sideline, he returned to real estate. Soon he was putting through land deals at the rate of £1,000,000 a year.

As an undischarged bankrupt, such earnings should have gone to the Official Receiver. However, by working through a maze of disclaimers and agribus, Hussey managed to hang on to most of what he made.

His health lost little of its luster as he grew older. In 1911 he was found guilty of偷盜 £300 by false pretenses in a property trans-

action. He served 12 months imprisonment. When he came out he continued his old tricks, though on a much reduced scale. The lie did not catch up with him again until 1921, when he was sentenced to three years for fraud.

Following his old methods, he produced a £10,000 cotton mill into a top-heavy £18,000 concern, picking a clear profit for himself of £20,000 in shares. The accounts were found to declare a 22 per cent dividend. The gleeful sky-rocketed Hussey sold out all he held and the company collapsed.

After he served his term, he returned to Hussey Hall. He remained to hold on to this property until he was 80, when he was too old to continue the rocker hunt on which he had been engaged for so long.

He returned to Luton Britain where he was born and lived out his life frugally on his savings savings. These were all gone and he had just made application for an old age pension when death ended his worries.



# I SAW A HUMAN SACRIFICE

Frozen with horror the terrified girls waited for the huge bird to alight on the victim's head.

PAUL I. ILTON



I SAW a human sacrifice. I watched in silent horror as a young girl was slain, and her warm blood offered in sacrifice, in the secret rites of a strange, wild people of the Lebanon mountains. I saw the hellish ceremonies of this mysterious, primitive sect in their holy cave.

I was invited, by an intimate friend, to witness this ceremony, a member of the sect who was a prominent business man and a scholar, as well. It was a Friday morning in October when we set out on horseback from Damascus. We rode westward for about four hours across the barren, sparsely inhabited land. Wearing the typical clothing of desert dwellers, we appeared like any other country travellers. Gradually we penetrated into the foothills of the Lebanon mountains. As we entered a valley, we were met by a dozen horsemen dressed in long white robes and turbans.

They greeted us with grave dignity. After we dismounted, they served us strong Arabic tea and small sweet biscuits baked from finely ground corn meal. They had a peculiar, salty taste which I could not identify. Later I learned that the biscuits were soaked with powdered habbush, an ingredient prepared from hemp.

My friend introduced me as a member of the sect and scholar from Cairo. He said that I had remained

faithful to the sect for this, unfortunately, I suffered from a grave physical affliction I was a deaf mute. This disease had been previously arranged between us, and I had been castrated not to speak intelligently, under any circumstances, but is no basis to cover my meaning and desire. To play my difficult role convincingly, I occasionally made guttural growling sounds, as if trying to speak.

We rode deeper into the valley and finally came to a tent encampment. Here we spent the night. Apparently my friend's introduction had satisfied the master so further attention was paid to me. I was tense and apprehensive, however, as I understood every word that was spoken.

By noon of the next day, over a thousand people were assembled at the encampment. A large鼓 was struck and we mounted our animals and rode deeper into the valley. Within a few hours we came to the mouth of a large cave at whose entrance stood a group of priests.

Entering quietly with the others, I found that we were in a large cavern some ten feet high and about 30 feet in length. The bright sunlight outside crept in and filled the cave with grey semi-twilight in the deep, dark recesses, priests held smoking torches aloft. At the far end of the cave I saw a large stone amphora, or Greek jar, on a stone pedestal. Three steps led up to the platform. On the top step, directly in front of the amphora, was an altar stone. Its antique shape was familiar to me as I had seen others just like it which were known to have been used by the Canaanites for their blood sacrifices. I considered as I im-

mmediately recognized its awful significance.

Around me the numbers of the sect stood silently in reverent expectation. I experienced a feeling of restlessness and, at the same time, a rather pleasurable excitement, very likely induced by the hashish-fueled hearts.

After waiting for an hour, a group of white-robed priests moved across the entrance to the cave, closing it with a living wall.

Suddenly I was startled by a wave of concerted movement of the after & down young girls who fled up to it and who were standing on the bottom step. They were dressed in long flowing gowns. They were unveiled, their clear, youthful faces pale and weightless. Each one held in her hands a musical instrument very much like a tambourine. Up to this moment the priests had neither chanted nor prayed. There was only dense silence softly broken by the nervous shuffling of sandals feet.

Then I was startled by a sound like the beating of skins-covered drums. I looked above the stars and saw scores of large birds coming out and flying back and forth in the cave, whipping the air with their wings. These birds resembled eagles, being of a dark-green color and having a wingspan of nearly five feet. In that dim, low-ceilinged cave, flying swiftly over our heads, they appeared enormous.

From behind the alter a man's deep, resonant voice began to speak. I listened intently to catch the words but only here and there could I understand a phrase. When the voice ceased, the birds became silent, too,

perching on the heads and shoulders of the priests who guarded the entrance to the cave.

At once the girls on the altar step began to beat their tambourines in unison with the intonations of the priest. The chant went on and unceasingly intercessively, the voice and the music growing ever louder and louder. The crocodiles rose to a roar that filled the cave, echoing from its stone walls. Just as the sound became deafening, unbearable, it suddenly stopped.

The swift transition to silence was terrible.

After a long moment of silence, the maidens began to drum their tambourines again in accompaniment to a new voice from behind the altar, a woman's clear, high soprano. The chant continued, mournful and vibrant.

Again, abruptly, there was silence. I saw that all the people in the cave were saying a silent prayer. After the prayer, the cheering began again, but now in a more rapid tempo, faster and faster. The effect on the nerves of this rapidly cheeted chant, with the words pounded out at the top of the lungs, was electric. I was suffused by a most curious sensation of exhilaration and exaltation. When I felt that the hypnotic rhythm would overwhelm me, it ended swiftly and I fell against the wall of the cave, exhausted and bathed in cold perspiration.

The priestess ended her prayer, a great wail struck, and the worshippers moved slowly out of the cave. It was night when I emerged into the valley. Food was served to the multitude. This time the meal given to each person was large, almost a small

feast. It still had that salty, spicy flavor of bushbok, like the others.

I was conversing with questions to ask my companion, but I had to remain silent and act out my part as a deaf mute. After about two hours of relaxation, I noticed that on a nearby hill a group of priests were looking intently into the night sky. They were, I saw, watching the constellation Cassiopeia. Finally, when the constellation was at the right altitude, the high priest, surrounded by his attendants, returned to the cave. The multitude followed and entered the cavern which was now, at seven night, lit by hundreds of torches.

Again the twelve girls stood on the lowest step of the altar. This time they were dressed in a single, transparent white garment.

Above the whir of wings was heard. But this time only one bird rose up from behind the altar. It flew back and forth in slow, whirling circles. Whenever it headed toward the exterior, the guardian priests with their torches drove it back toward the altar. As the bird flew, the tambourines and the girls and the song beat steadily. There was no human voice. The bird kept flying around the cave, desperately searching for a place to alight while the priests continued to wave their flaming torches, in the accompaniment of the strong beating of the drums and the tambourines.

The throats of the girls were white as chalk; their eyes wide with terror as they followed the great, winged bird, striking their tambourines with jerky, staccato movements.

The bird became tired and tried to alight. It came down as a ledge of

rock jutting from the wall, close by the altar. But the high priest stared it up with a stick, forcing it to fly again. This was repeated several times. Once the bird came down on the altar stone and was driven off. It tried to break through the ring of torches at the entrance but was driven back.

This continued for over two hours as the audience watched in fascinated awe. Finally, with one long sweep, the exhausted bird settled down and alighted on the head of one of the young girls before the altar.

Instantly, drums hidden in the depths of the cave began to pound furiously, the group was struck repeatedly, and all of the worshippers began to shout and stamp their feet in a frantic dance. The priests extinguished their torches and the navy was suddenly enveloped in pitch blackness. And above the pandemonium of the drums, the organ and the shrillness, a piercing scream was heard like a dagger plunged into the mouth of darkness.

This was remarkable. For perhaps ten minutes, maybe longer, the mad frenzy continued. Then the hellish din died down to less than a whisper. The priests around the altar lifted their torches, one by one. In the flickering, smoky light I saw, lying on the sacrificial altar, the god on whom head the bird had rested.

After I returned safely to Demerara, I was ill for three days. To me, the entire horror of the ritual was clear, its symbolism directly descended from ancient pagan rites. Blood sacrifice, from earliest times, has had the deepest significance among many peoples. The story of Abraham, called to sacrifice his son Isaac, will to sacrifice his son

## KNOWING HER MAN

They were dressing for a tea—  
two heel—

The tree was early spring—  
He gave his spouse a beautiful  
self—

"I took every inch a king!"  
She'd been her wife for many  
a year—

Too long for her to feel  
her—

Fairly, her girl, she need,  
"My dear,  
You high down for a  
ruler?"

—RAY DELL

man, is familiar to all. As far back as the First Dynasty in Egypt, five thousand years ago, the ancients knew of the circulation of the blood in the body, and named it as the carrier of life, that is, of the soul.

At the same time, birds were venerated as symbols of supernatural power. The bird alone among animals, including earth-captured men, was able to lift itself up to the heavens. Birds dwelt between God and man, between heaven and earth. The bird was the messenger of God, the representative of supreme celestial power.

The numbers of the sect whose secret ceremony I witnessed based their religion on the theory of the transmigration of souls and believed that the souls of the dead are in the birds, hovering between heaven and earth, seeking new bodies to enter. To propitiate and nourish these souls, once each year in this high ceremony they offer the birds the blood of a calf.

## DOOMED

## TO DARKNESS



THE one thing that kept me from going mad was when the other prisoners started the deadly, mindless routine. I have a passion for orderliness, for a life set and patterned. I like to know in advance what I will have for breakfast; I like the assurance that every event in my day is the result of planning.

I came to anticipate the hour each night after the prison lights went out. The thin, tight routine held my body suspended, and for safety's sake I thought of Tom Westdrake. Sixty minutes a night for ten years in memory of time to have and remember—its hate. Tom Westdrake with a favour that was my refuge,

to remember Lydia and the place I had built around her. Those places had been avoided the day Westdrake told me Lydia and he were going to marry.

We were in the cabin near Clear Lake—the same cabin we had bought the summer after we'd gone into business, the same cabin I had brought Lydia to after taking her out of the big when her boat had capsized. Westdrake sounded like he was telling me about a fish he'd caught. "Lydia and I are going to be married next month."

A huge log blazed in the open fireplace but I felt as chilled as

though the icy waters of Clear Lake had engulfed me. My breath was dry and a sudden hatred of Tom Westdrake seared in my veins.

"So your money finally got her away from me," I said.

"You know that's not true, Harry," Westdrake spoke quietly. "We drove the same amount from the bankroll. It's no fault of mine if your share slips through your fingers as though it were water."

"Look," I shouted, "the money's mine and I can do with it as I please."

Westdrake nodded his head. "I agree with you, Harry, as long as you rid yourself of the fool notion that Lydia is interested in money. We happen to love each other."

When I finally spoke, I tried to keep my emotions under control. "Look, Tom, I'm in love with Lydia and I planned a whole future with her. You can't ruin my life like this."

Westdrake laughed. "The longer I know you, Throssel, the more your ego annoys me. Your life, your plan"—he shouted deeper into the chair and laughed again—"that's all that interests you. You've no more in love with Lydia than you are with the men in the moon. If you were, your first concern would be for her happiness."

The smile left his face. "If I thought for a moment you could make her happier than I could, I'd gladly step aside. But you're incapable of loving anyone except yourself!"

I listened to that speech without moving a muscle, and when he finished, Tom Westdrake leaned his hand back and closed his eyes, discounting me. And suddenly I knew what I must do. Tom had become an in-

pediment to me, an ink blot on my blueprint. Either I would have to draw up a set of new plans or stamp him.

I took the single-barreled shotgun from the rack next to the door, picked up a number-eight cartridge. He opened his eyes when he heard the click as my thumb cracked the hammer.

I gave him one more chance. "I don't want to kill you, Westdrake. But I promise you I will, unless you call off this marriage with Lydia."

Westdrake said, "You've been seeing too many movies, Throssel, and had enough of that."

I squeezed the trigger.

Tom Westdrake didn't die, and I got ten years. The judge said that he was an insufficient culprit to pay for the eyes Tom Westdrake lost, but that was the maximum the law allowed him to request.

I tried to explain that it was all Westdrake's fault, that none of it would have happened if he hadn't upset my plans. The judge called me a homicidal maniac.

Tom Westdrake and Lydia were married the day I was sentenced, and that night I began my ten years of hate.

I closed the cabin door and leaned my back against the rough-hewn pine. Tom Westdrake sat in the same easy chair, his long legs sprawled in front of him, his hands crossed on his lap. The hot fire danced shadows over his face, and for an instant it seemed as though the past ten years had never been—it seemed as if we were back to that day Tom had told me of his engagement to Lydia.

Then the valve broke the memory spell. "Hello, Harry." It sounded

softer, and held a strange understanding never there before. There were streaks of gray at his temples, and dark shadows had the eyes which I had robbed of life.

"You don't sound surprised," I said.

"I know you would come. That's why I've been waiting here for you alone." The dark lenses of his glasses seemed to sparkle at me and a sudden suspicion came into my mind. I crossed the room in swift strides and yanked off his glasses.

I saw the pale holes, the dead scars that covered them looking like the weather-beaten ground over long-forgotten graves. Westdrake put out a rasping hand and I leaped back as though it were stretched forth from hell.

He turned his hand and his fingers

seemed to hold me in their grip. "If you're satisfied, I'd like my glasses."

I handed them to the floor and ground them with my heel; the glass splintered and tore at the wooden floor. Then I laughed and sat down and the pounding left my heart. "So you had me followed," I said.

Westdrake shook his head. "No one followed you. I know how you travel now."

"Then it wasn't come as a shock that I came to kill you."

"Those dead eyes of his seemed to bore through me. 'I know,' he said. 'That's why I've been waiting.'

I went to the window—the chequer was deserted and there was no sign of life on the desolate lake. Westdrake followed my movements with his eyes. "We're alone," he said.

I turned from the window. "You took ten years of my life and you took Lydia."

Tom Westdrake said, "They'll catch you. They'll catch you and they'll hang you."

I nodded agreement, as if he could see me. "You been dead for ten years. They'll be hanging a dead man."

"You're crazy," Tom Westdrake said.

"Maybe." My hands felt cold and I walked over to the open fireplace.

"Ten is no hurry. I've waited ten years for that, and I want you to have time to think. Think of Lydia—and think of the life you stole from her." I got the gentle warmth of the fire on my fingers.

Tom Westdrake sat there, silently. I wanted to see him hurt, to hear him cry out in pain. "You've got a couple of kids, haven't you?" I laughed. "A couple of kids that I made sure you wouldn't see."

His voice came so low I could barely hear. "A boy and a girl. That's why I waited here for you."

"Do you think they're going to make me change my mind?" I looked across the room at the gun rack, at the same shotgun I had used ten years before.

"No," Westdrake answered my question. "But I know you'd come back to finish your job—to kill me, no matter where I was. And I didn't want to take a chance on any of them getting hurt."

"How thoughtful," I said. I walked over to the gun rack, slowly. She was counted my steps, and I felt the concentrated hatred of ten years course like living fire through my veins.

I took the shotgun from the rack

and put a cartridge into the breach. I watched Tom Westdrake. He sat there, waiting, like an actor who knows the lines in his script. There was no remorse in his body, no sudden twitches of muscles for a last minute effort at escape. I clicked back the hammer and put the butt against my shoulder.

"Damn you!" I cried. I wanted to say that look of peace vanish from his face. I wanted to see fear. And I knew how I could tear at his heart before he died.

I visited the barrel on Westdrake's face. "You think you've won, don't you? Think like this is to hell with you. Before they get me, I'll send Lydia and her kids to keep you company."

I visited the truncheon and the world flushed and thundered and blew up in my face.

My life is not now. I have no pattern of darkness that knows no difference between day and night. Tom Westdrake gave me fire...in payment for the place he upset.

Sometimes I hear again the voice that came when the thunder had died in the earth and I remember the words spoken with ringing clarity.

Westdrake figured this place would make another stab at him and he knew how his cracked brain worked. So he poised soldierly down the barrel of that shotgun until it was as solid as an iron rod. When Tuxman pulled the trigger and fired that cartridge, the exploding gas had to go somewhere, and it blew the breech right out his face. He's a mess, but he'll live.

I wonder, sometimes, if the dead faces that cover my eyes look like the weather-beaten ground over long-forgotten graves.



# Crime Capsules

## EDUCATION

Mrs. Vergilia Clark, of Brooklyn, New York, took four 12-year-old girls on an education tour of New York. She instructed them to watch for certain housewives who were seen at front doors, leaving the back doors open. Having located such women—and there were many—the girls were shown how to post lookout, sneak around the back way and leave the house. All this while the housewives were gambling. It paid off in the sum of \$600 dollars over a period—and a good suitcase.

## MOUTHWASH

Mrs. Ogel Dixon had a good plan for earning money. She made \$200 dollars in one afternoon—with mouthwash. And that is not eyewash. She put the mouthwash in a small glass syringe, walked into a bank, slipped a large vanilla envelope across to the teller, and waved the glass in front of his eyes. She said to the teller: "This is a stick-up. There's enough nitro-glycerin in this tube to blow up the whole building." Nervously the teller filled the vanilla envelope with money. But Mrs. Dixon was caught.

## BIG BANG

This one concerns a bang which

did come off. A man in Ellsworth, Kansas, exploded five cases of dynamite in a city park, damaging 10 buildings. The blast could be heard 15 miles away. When arrested, the man explained his action with, "I wanted to wake up the town." He certainly succeeded in his ambition.

## STUFF

You don't have to be dead to be stiff. In Chicago a man was given a ticket for speedin'; 10 minutes later he was given another ticket for the same offense; then, some hours later, he was crashing along at 8 mph. when he received a third summons for impeding traffic!

## STUDY

Charged with knocking down a policeman, a Detroit guy gave his explanation: "I saw a big load on his neck, above his collar, I did not want him to get strong, so I hit the load as hard as I could."

## MORSE SHUTY

A railway worker in Superior, Wisconsin, exploded in court that he had attacked three test cases with an iron poker, because he suspected they were plotting an attack on him by moving in Morse code! He sounds a bit daffy.

# MINNIE

## GOLF



Remember when Minnie Golf was all the rage—or are you still gonna' come? Now it's back again and here's a new title from Whitman, available in stores. The first edition, titled *Minnie Golf*, is just a game. But hold on, Minnie is not supposed to pick up the ball.



She's been known to stand on her head to get out of getting wet, but this time she's doing it to get into the water. And she's doing it in style, too. In fact, she's doing it in record time. The record holder for the most handstands in one minute is a 15-year-old girl from New York City who did 100 in 60 seconds. She's a member of the New York Handstand Club.



Well, what do you know—it didn't go over the water hazard and she is in more strife than ever. The question is: How can she hit the ball from that position? And what will happen if she misses it? Has anyone a towel—

just in case?

Well, she didn't get wet. But we didn't see her hit the ball. Surely she wouldn't cheat! Anyway, here she is taking up her score. Judging by her expression, she didn't do so well. But, who cares about her putting ability when she's overall just Billie Jean Clydائد?



Gibson



"Please! Miss Smithers! Please don't do me! You're breaking my heart!"

When strapped, the victim does indeed  
stay. The same fate is not in store  
for the citizens of the electric chair.

WILLIAM HADEN

## QUEST OF A PAINLESS EXECUTION

WHEN atom spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were put to death in the electric chair in Sing Sing last June, the event was covered by every newspaper in U.S.A. Five hours after the execution, every paper was carrying the graphic details of the traitors' dying moments.

The Constitution of the United States specifically forbids cruel and inhuman punishment. Yet, from the graphic descriptions of witnessing journalists, one could almost smell the "spice" burning fast, as the "blue smoke," as one journalist put it, "carried up to the ceiling."

After three charges of electricity were sent through her body, attending doctors were shocked to dis-

cover that Ethel Rosenberg was still alive. During the administration of the voltage, her hands clenched and unclenched. Finally, after five massive currents had been sent through her, Ethel Rosenberg was pronounced dead.

No matter how balanced his critics have been, it is generally felt that a doomed man should be put to death as quickly as possible—and as painlessly. In Australia and England, and in some states of America, there is one form of capital punishment that is instantaneous and painless—hanging.

When a hanging is done correctly, the victim's neck is broken as soon as the trap is sprung. Unfortunately,

however, the method was begun in an era when torture was an accepted practice. The fact that even a hanged hanging had been considered more humane than any of the preceding torture methods, serves to tell the truth about the nature of dealing out death. As a result, many people, particularly in places where hanging is not done, have the impression that hanging allows the victim to endure his last minutes in the agony of strangulation. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In the times ago, hanging a scoundrelly employee of the Communist State Prison at Wethersfield, Conn., Gerald Chapman, the most work-shy warden, was executed there as he stood on the ground. A noose rope was placed about his neck in the time-honored fashion. The noose which had previously been coiled was wholly inflexible and could not be stretched. The other end of the hemp was passed through a large pulley and attached to a huge steel weight. At the moment of the execution, the weight was dropped from a good height, and Chapman was hauled instantaneously.

Most modern hangings proceed without a hitch. Now states, including Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Montana, New Hampshire, Utah, Washington, and the four territories of Alaska, Arizona, Canal, Hawaii, and the Virgin Islands execute criminals with a still rope and a short drop.

The U.S. Federal Government usually executes hangings as a mark of shame for spies and war criminals. However, today, it has been making it a practice of hiring the execution facilities of the state in which the criminal has been tried, or, if that

state does not have capital punishment, facilities of the nearest state that does kill capital offenders. Since New York, where the Bonnevilles were brought to trial, uses the electric chair, the soon spurs were excused in this manner.

Much fuss has been made by the communists that the Bonnevilles were innocent. Yet, the first woman ever put to death by the Federal Government was actually not guilty of the crime of which she was accused. After Abraham Lincoln had been murdered by John Wilkes Booth, Mary Surratt was arrested with Lewis Chariton, Powell (alias Payne), David E. Herold, and George A. Atzerodt.

Mrs Surratt, who ran a boarding house, was accused of taking part in the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln. The other three men who were undoubtedly guilty lived in her house and used it as a meeting place with Booth. Mr Surratt, along with the others, was summarily convicted by a military tribunal contrary to her constitutional right and hanged.

After her death and after the death of John Wilkes Booth, a diary belonging to Booth was found. This journal explicitly exonerated Mrs Surratt from even the slightest knowledge of the conspiracy. It would be needlessly confusing to note that Mrs Surratt's death was at least a quick and painless one.

In the middle of the 18th century, hanging was the most popular form of execution in the United States, and it frequently was done publicly. Most victims of the gallows were not as lucky as Mary Surratt. On West, what terrible pains were held for captured bandits and cattle

robbers, the victims were generally allowed to struggle to death.

On July 24, 1859, when "Black Jack" Ketchum, a mad killer and train robber in the frontier country of Arizona and New Mexico, was brought to justice, his hanging was so hunched that some of the spectators were physically affected.

When the trap was sprung, Ketchum was not hanged; he was decapitated.

It wasn't until the execution of Indians Tom Horn in Cheyenne, Wyoming, November 20, 1890, that Westerners realized some humans outside toward hanging fast, the tender-hearted sheriff installed a huge trapdoor over the floor of Horn's cell, so that the gunman would not see the corporal results of the gallows. Tom escaped miraculously. "The hell with that thing! Take the trap away. I can't breathe in here!" The deputy removed the trapdoor.

The execution itself was accomplished by means of the highly tested Julius Trap, an invention of J. J. Julius, an Illinois cabinet maker. It operated automatically by use of water weights. It was rented for 10 dollars, saving a hangman's fee, and for those days, it killed its victim humanely. Here was painlessly sent into the afterworld.

Hanging is frequently mentioned in the Bible as the ultimate indignity for murderers, rapists, and adulterers. The Persians, the Greeks, and most of the pre-Christian world were acquainted with the still rope and the short drop.

But it took the early English kings to make hanging morally and politically acceptable. In those days, the gallows were highly overworked

A Texas man was on the rifle range and, at 100 yards, he missed the target with every shot. But, at 100 yards and beyond, he scored bullseyes with every shot. A competitor thought that strange and asked him for the secret. "Well, it's like this," replied the Texan. "Back home we never bother to shoot at anything less than 100 yards away. We just throw rocks."

During the reign of Henry VIII, it is estimated that some 10,000 persons were hanged, an average of one per day!

There were more than 200 different offenses that would warrant the noose. Vagrancy, cursing, loose living, and religious persecutions were among the causes of death on the gallows. However, in the early days of hanging, the English suddenly chose to the belief that the noose was infallible. There is one description of the execution of a man convicted of "wounding the Almighty in the un-prescribed manner," wherein the victim slipped from his noose only to be hanged to death.

In China, during the Tz'u-chia, a small-time bootlegger who called himself the "Devil" was convicted on a murder charge. A hanging man, he miraculously planned a method of "returning to life" after being hanged. Because Chinese law then allowed relatives to claim the body immediately

ately after execution, the "Devil" had his executioners waiting outside the jail with an ambulance fully equipped with heating devices and adenalin.

It was the "Devil's" plan to starve himself to the lowest possible weight prior to the execution. Then he would fake injury, so that he would have to be carried to the gallows in a chair. His reduced weight, plus his reclining position, he figured accurately, would prevent his neck from being broken. He was depending on quick action by his fellow hoodlums to grab his body just after his heart stopped beating, put it into the ambulance, and try to revive it with heat and adenalin.

The "Devil" had tried it on one of his own men who had been executed several months before, and it worked.

However, when the "Devil" was hustled into the ambulance himself, several curious policemen began making an investigation, holding up the ambulance long enough to thwart them from reviving their leader.

Most states in the U.S.A. use the electric chair for killing capital offenders. The popular belief is that a current will knock unconscious its victim before becoming lethal. This is not always true. Some victims, because they can withstand more electricity than others, are forced to endure the torture of burning. There is nothing the executioner can do to prevent this.

On the other hand, hanging has been improved to such a point, that it is without a doubt the most humane means of execution in the world.



"Read that last paragraph again . . . it doesn't seem to make sense."

Doris Day was America's most beloved sex symbol during the middle years of the '50s. Here, did she just kiss Marilyn Monroe's bald



## HE CAPTURED A NATION'S HEART

JAMES HOLLIIDGE

ON a hilltop in Albuquerque, New Mexico, there stands a modest, white, weatherboard house that is well on the way to becoming a national shrine.

Each day, cars of tourists from all over the Union pull up outside. Taxes speed up with people making a quick visit as they wait for room or plane connection. Family trailers arrive and disgorge men, women and children. With the暮 light of pilgrimage, they all climb the hill and enter. Later they come out and drive away, silent and thoughtful. Here are drying tears with their handkerchiefs.

The house was once the home of one of the most beloved figures of our time—a tall, dark, bold-headed

man who seemed to stand for all that was brave and honest and decent in the bloody amateur courage that was World War II.

His name was Errol Flynn. The house, presented by his heirs to the City of Albuquerque, is a permanent monument to his memory, which is revered by millions.

Errol Flynn was a handsy, sensitive little fellow. His eye-moistening dispatches as a war correspondent in a dozen front-line-fell of the simplicity and pathos and human interest that common people can understand and love—made him a legend from one end of America to the other and took him into the heart of almost every American serviceman.

The war people sold produced two things—the press and Ernie Pyle. When a Japanese machine-gunned on the tiny Pacific island of Iwo Jima killed him with a stray shot on April 18, 1945, the spirit of his death soared its way into the animal's heart. Men wept unashamedly, for these generals went to the deepest, unappreciated GL, Ernie Pyle was a great man. He was great because he was one of the few war correspondents who wrote about the ordinary soldiers. He lived with them and died with them. He set the material for his columns by living in the lines under fire with his sub-peeps.

Before the war, Ernie Pyle was an obscure cycling reporter. He travelled the Americas, writing about the lumber, bellhops, bartenders and barns he met. The pieces appeared in about 40 newspapers. He made hardly more than enough to sustain his wanderings with his wife in an old car.

He was slow, slow and slow—shuttling with none of the traditional dash and drive of the star reporter. Then came the war. The shutdown—the swell people whom Ernie met and wrote about—became impatient. The bellhops, bellhops and the rest were in uniform—the missing heroes of Timista, Anzio, D-Day and Iwo Jima.

Ernie Pyle in his desperation gave those unknown heroes to the world—particularly the Lewis Molyneuxes, "who loves and that most nobly." He became the spines of the GI—generally those GL's who were cold and wet and hungry and forgotten.

As John Steinbeck once said: There are really two wars. There is the war of newspapermen, diplomats and economists—and that is General Marshall's war. Then there is the war of

homework, weary, forever violent, common men who wash their socks in their latrines, complain about the food, whilst at gooks, and lug themselves through an dirty a trundles as the world has ever seen say do it with humor and dignity and courage—and that is Ernie Pyle's war."

Writing about these "common men," Ernie Pyle became overnight the war's most popular reporter, a living legend. His columns appeared in more than 300 newspapers. His books sold a million copies each. His income over the last two years of his life was close to half a million dollars.

Yet the critics did not like Ernie Pyle. He owned but one civilian suit—a \$12-dollar ready-made. Laundry had no appeal for him. He put his money into bonds and rolled his own cigarettes. To the end of his days his greatest ambition was to roll a cigarette using only one hand.

After the allied invasion of Europe on D-Day, 80 per cent of the reader inquiries made to American newspapers offices were simply "Did Ernie get in safe?"

The simple thoughts on the war and its conduct that occasionally crept into his dispatches were more frequently quoted by politicians than those of any other correspondent. When he returned from Europe in 1944 for a rest, 80 journalists met around him in Washington's Statton Building and pounced him dry of his opinions and suggestions.

Yet, persistently, Ernie Pyle refused to pontificate on subjects about which he thought he knew little. He parried all questions on national politics, war strategy and world affairs. When the Presidential election was coming up, he was asked if he liked Roosevelt

"Some," said Ernie Pyle. "Some are like that quipped if he liked Dewey "Some," was Ernie's ready answer.

Born in 1897 on his parents' small Indiana farm, Ernie Pyle grew into a wise, well-tempered personality who only decided he did not want to spend his life "looking at the mouth end of a horse going north." He disliked the farmyard chores, preferring to sit and listen to people talking—or very often just to sit.

This physical ardor led him, on entering the University of Indiana, to choose journalism as his course, because it was supposed to be easy. He did not make up his mind until the last moment and selected it because he heard another student remark "I hear journalism is a broom."

Bartlett and unsettled, Ernie Pyle attended the University for three years. He became manager of the football team and editor of the campus newspaper, but could not really fit in with the routine. A few months before his graduation, he packed his bags and went off to a job as a small reporter in the nearby town of La Porte.

He stuck there only three months, until he landed an appointment at the Washington "News." Except for a brief spell in New York, he was to be anchored in a desk job on the "News" until 1935. He married Geraldine Goblock, an intelligent, blonde filing clerk in a Government office, and seemed fated to be a quiet, competent and unknown journalist for the rest of his life. "A good man has not much drive," was the general view of him by his colleagues.

However, during these 20 years at a desk, Ernie Pyle was not lazy. Although he was naturally reserved

and silent, he liked nothing more than getting around and meeting people—ordinary people—and visiting with them. While recovering from a spell of influenza in 1934, he took a holiday motor trip with his wife Gertrude as far west through the rugged, beautiful Southwest. He eventually went back to Washington determined not to spend the rest of his life at a desk in a dingy, dusty, clamorous newspaper office. He had an idea to be a swing reporter.

A dozen simple garage he wrote on his holiday travels impressed the editor of the paper. "They had a sort of Mark Twain quality and they knocked my eyes right out!" he has since confided. In August, 1935, Ernie Pyle, on a salary of \$300 dollars a week, set out to see the Americas for the paper's readers.

He roared for the next five years. He crossed the continent 25 times and went out three more. He stood on the shores of the Bahama Sea and



climbed in the Andes. Anything that took his fancy became the subject of a daily column—soaps, dogs, captured treasure, the art of rolling a cigarette.

By his side was his beloved Jerry, whom he referred to in his reports as "That Girl." He wrote about her what she said and how he loved her. He wrote about his father, who was "a good man without being remarkable about it."

He went to Alaska and was chased by a vicious bear. He met a toothless toothwoodman, who made himself a homemade dental plate out of a bear's teeth and then cheerfully ate the bear with its own teeth.

Grimly his readers grew as they noted to have the gaudy little wonder who shared his adventures and

joys and exchanges with them daily. Sickness was something from which he was rarely free. Yet he would make little of it. "If I'm going to be sick all the time," he wrote, "I might as well drag all possible interests and distract my career to keep sick. Maybe in time I could become the sickiest man in America."

But for all that, those years of home roving made up the happiest period of Ernie Pyle's life. He was doing what he wanted to do. It was all preparation for Ernie Pyle's greatest assignment—the reporting of the war. When the chance came in 1941 he was ready for it.

"A small voice came in the night and said, 'Go!'" was how Ernie Pyle described his decision to leave his American travels and enter the war.



With his savings he bought the white house in Albuquerque that is now his memorial. In it, "That Girl," his Jerry (jailed down to wait for him).

Pyle went to London to cover the Blitz, and his readers and followers multiplied as he reported the holocaust in powerful, beautiful and moving style.

Not until he landed in Africa in 1942, however, did he realize to fame, as he told the stories of the common soldiers everyone else forgot.

The Ernie Pyle legend really started one day when the other correspondents reported an important interview with Admiral Durbin. Ernie ignored the interview and used all his space to tell of a personal experience.

He had been hurrying to the interview when overhead came the constant roar of a battery of strafing Stukas. Pyle dove into a ditch, on the back of a soldier who was walking ahead of him. When quiet came again and he was able to look up, he tapped the soldier on the shoulder. "Where, that was close, buddy," he gasped. There was no answer. Pyle involuntarily watched his hand rise as he realized the man was dead.

Through the length and breadth of the Tunisian battle zone, Ernie Pyle ferreted out the obscure heroes. He was bombed and shelled and machine-gunned, but he got to know every American unit in North Africa—particularly the infantry, whom he called "the mud-sloggers-front-and-wing hoppers."

At home people began to talk about the Ernie Pyle dispatches, like dams were born. Relatives sent clippings of them back to the GI reporter.

The common soldiers realized that at last they had a voice—someone

who knew their difficulties and problems and what they faced. They grew to love the fat little man in cramped battle-dress, for they knew he forced himself to share their every danger. They knew that he kept on sharing them, although physically sick and racked with nerves that made him scream in his sleep at remembered horrors. When he passed a company of infantry, every man yelled, "Hi, Ernie!" Whenever a plane or appeared in the Blue, excited men came to the windows to see if Ernie Pyle was in it.

From North Africa, Pyle went on to Italy. The death and destruction, the pain and bloodshed of war were now beginning to affect him mentally as well as physically. He came to know "the terrible weakness of mind and soul that overcomes men after weeks under fire."

"It's the constant roar of engines," he wrote, "and the perpetual moving and the never settling down and the go, go, go, night and day, and on through the night again. Eventually all words melt into an epithelial tapestry of one dull, dead pattern—yesterday to tomorrow, and when will we ever stop and, God, fix us dead?"

Nevertheless, he still sought out the toughest and dangerous assignments. He went in at the pantomime Axis beachhead and had his nosebleed escape. He was sleeping in a ruined villa that was made the target for a stick of 500-pounders by a German bomber. The villa was turned into a mountain of rubble. From the middle of it, unbroken except for a shattered chink, emerged Ernie Pyle—to be dubbed "Old Indestructible" by relieved colleagues.

In 1944, Ernie Pyle went to England



for the D-Day landings in France. Normandy was only all over again—only worse. For two and a half years he had followed the war. Ernie Pyle now dreaded the noise, the tunnel, the death of battle. He was afraid, but like most brave men, he recognized his fear and fought it—even though haunted by a macabre premonition of his own death.

He confided to a fellow correspondent that the thought of going into a battle zone now gave him "the willies" instead of "scorning" used to do. "I'm becoming less used to it. I've begun to feel I have used up all my chances."

In his absence, however, Ernie Pyle's stories were still warm and compelling and courageous. Few could guess the torment the mien-wrecked little man, anchored to his job,

To his wife he explained how he could not give it up. "I've been part of the misery and tragedy of this war for so long," he confided, "that I've come to feel a responsibility to it. I don't know quite how to put it into words, but I feel that if I left, it would be like a soldier deserting."

But there is a limit to human endurance. Ernie Pyle reached his when he was caught at the Battle of St. Lo, where a terrible force of 2500 American planes relentlessly bombed front-line American troops on the ground. Ernie Pyle was on that front line.

Relentlessly the bombardment came, over in jagged waves and dropped death on their comrades below. "The bombs began like the crackle of popcorn and almost instantly exploded into a mysterious fury of noise that seemed surely to destroy all the world," de-

scribed Pyle in his report home.

As the death casuses came down Pyle dove into a trench beside an officer. "We lay with our backs slightly up—the two officers staring at each other in futile appeal until it was over," he said. "There is no description of the sound and fury of those bombs except to say it was deafening and a warning for darkness."

Of all his war experience, Ernie Pyle found this bombing the most terrible. So shattered were his nerves he knew he had to pull out before his sanity was affected. "I'd become so reviled, so nauseated by the sight of small kids having their heads blown off," he explained to his wife, "that I'd lost track of the whole point of the war. I'd reached a point where I felt there was no mind worth the death of one more man."

Ernie Pyle went home back to "That Girl" who was waiting in Albuquerque. He regained his perspective—and knew he had to set off again to war. "I have no choice," he told Jerry. "I feel a sense of duty towards the soldiers. I've become their messenger, the only one they have. They look to me."

So Ernie Pyle winged off from San Francisco across the Pacific. He received a last letter from "That Girl." "My love reaches out to you—so strongly—and warmth as much for you Miss you, my Ernie," she wrote.

A few days later Ernie Pyle lay dead from a jeep sniper's bullet. A nation and a grief-stricken woman in Albuquerque mourned. Seven months afterwards, Jerry Pyle—who could no life without her "Ernie"—died.

## pointers to better health

### HAVE A HEART

Be careful with your heart. Suddenly bursts of excessive exercise, too little exercise, too much eating, won't do it any good. Instead, exercise regularly—in the open air, if possible. Avoid high temper and nervous tension, especially if you are over forty. These can bring on high blood pressure. Check with your doctor if you suffer from breathlessness, palpitations, irregular heartbeat, dizziness, palpitation, swollen feet and ankles or constant fatigue. Even if you have heart trouble, you can have a long and full life if you stay away and exercise.

### PATROUS

Mental weariness, quite unrelated to physical labour, can make us feel physically tired because what goes on in the mind feeds its expression in physical signs and symptoms. Many a skin rash is the unconscious physical expression of a mental anxiety. In treatment of many ills, a quiet mind and relaxation from worry, will cure many ills.

### EMOTIONS

Endocrinologists have demonstrated that states of worry of the expectant mother during pregnancy may result in a neurotic child, says Dr. William

R. Kroger, who reported his findings to the American Medical Association. Dr. Kroger, assistant clinical professor of obstetrics and gynaecology at the Chicago Medical School, said that harmful emotions are of more importance than hormonal imbalance in producing spontaneous abortion of healthy eggs. In addition, the doctor reported that the first few weeks and months of a baby's life are more important to personality development than any other period. On the question of whether breast feeding of a baby or artificial feeding is better, he said: "I believe it makes little, if any, difference how or when the baby receives nutrition, so long as it is held and cuddled by a loving mother."

### ULCER BALM

A pill which parents never witness to eat and drink what they wish is reported by Dr. E. A. Marshall of East Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. The pill must be taken every half hour during the day and twice during the night. Thus on 1000 patients observed 91 could go back to their normal diet within 24 hours. The pill contains strichine, phenacetin, magnesium oxide, calcium carbonate and aluminum hydroxide.

## No Time -



Anna Neagle is one of the most beautiful girls not in the movies. And she is also one of the prettiest products. Since a retarding ointment and cream is about to be the Disappointment of Hollywood's latest novelty, she does a little modelling on the side, however, for her big career. — J. P. Tamm, *Face the People*.



-for  
*Stardom*

*Monday*: See *Screenland* and *Stage* section of your newspaper. You'll find all the stars on the screen, plus *See Them, Be It*, an *Up-to-the-Minute* column, plus *Up-to-the-Minute* column and the *Entertainment* supplement. See each in your Sunday paper. See *See, Be It*, in your *Weekend*.



*When you do your part to the world, it  
lets you accomplish "daring with optimism."  
That's what you can do for us in  
the years ahead. We're asking for  
you. We'd like to have the kind of a  
new slogan. Please bring the first, a  
good idea.*

Psychosomatic treatment is a new method of curing a variety of common illnesses.



## NEW HOPE FOR EMOTIONAL CRIPPLES

RAY DAVIS

A NEW name is sounding in the halls and corridors of public hospitals. It's even patterning to remove surgery. The technique to which this name has been given has already changed the lives of thousands, and it looks like changing the lives of thousands more.

Psychosomatic medicine is a new-old way of treating a variety of common and often serious complaints. Briefly, psychosomatic medicine calls for consideration of mind as well as body in treating disease, with due emphasis of the effects of environment on a person.

No, psychosomatic medicine is not new, but it's a long way from being an old idea under a new name. The

modern practitioner has discovered much that makes old ideas look stale, and so much progress is being made that it looks very much as if the form of treatment will affect all of us, no matter where we live.

But psychosomatic medicine is not a form of faith-healing. The doctor who uses this form of healing in his work would be the first to admit that there are diseases which have to be treated by strictly physical means.

"Nervous headaches" are usually classified as psychosomatic. We all know the type of person who develops a bad headache when he or she has to do something unpleasant

they've usually accused of cold snapping, though very often their headache may be caused by a conflict of emotions of which they're quite unaware.

Hypnotism, of course, is the big brother of the ordinary headache. It's a famous complaint—usually occurring in some localized part of the head. There may often be a painful tenseness of the scalp. In addition, the patient often suffers the spouse of mental depression, plus nausea and vomiting.

One factor in causing the pain of migraines appears to be the swelling of certain arteries. A number of techniques have been developed by which this can be greatly relieved. Then it has been observed at the Mayo Clinic in the U.S. that migraines often attack persons with high blood pressure. Further investigation has seemed to show that hypertension (high blood pressure) is sometimes triggered by deep-rooted emotional conflicts.

Attack of migraines often occurs at "emotional" times—in the difficult two years, in cases of sexual frustration, difficult marital situations, etc. These other troubles are thought to reach down into the mind and set off a discharge of tension throughout the nervous system. In normal circumstances this could lead to a tightening in the arteries which, in the end, might lead to high blood pressure.

Researchers recognize that there are often characteristic types of personality for each complaint. Such a definite type is not so easily found in cases of migraines, though some investigators have felt that migraine sufferers, as a class, seemed to be prone to an undue emotional suscep-

tiveness to their mothers. And quite a number of patients examined showed a reluctance to assume joys and accept responsibility.

It was noted long ago that attacks of asthma, even when the basic cause was some form of allergy, often took place in moments of emotion. (There are types of asthma known as "intrinsic asthma"—where there seems to be no allergy to cause trouble.)

In one test, twenty-three asthmatic children were examined, and it was found that seventeen of the total were caused with very busy parents who smothered their children. The Chicago Institute of Psycho-analysis showed through experiments that asthmatics tended to feel insecure, and that they badly needed true parental love.

It has been suggested that the reason from which many asthmatics suffer is the result of a conflict between the need for parental protection and the retarded sense of the human being to be independent. (Some asthmatics put up a false front of belligerent and self-sufficient.)

True psychosomatic medicine, then, recognizes that body and mind are inseparable, reminds us that treatment designed to combat allergies (such as severe hayfever) is not cut-and-dried.

One of the most dramatic psychosomatic diseases is coronary thrombosis. It's more likely to strike the hard-driving tycoon of big business than it is to cripple the easy-going who does his laundry, and then relaxes. Medical science has been prompted to notice that lately the disease has been attacking younger and younger people.

The man who suffers coronary

thrombosis and strokes is not likely to forget it. As a clot blocks the flow of blood to the heart, he grows pale, sweats profusely, and suffers enormous pain in the chest. In many cases the attacks are fatal; many more have a permanently crippled heart.

The theory was first all the stronger that a man put into reaching success brought on the thrombosis, but modern medical science believes that the typical coronary victim is often a product of his childhood environment when he became subject to a multi-angle life feeling he did just happen to the fact that his father was lazy. The weaker that was in the child was suppressed but will come out in the form of an incessant desire to surpass his father. (See *Life*, 18, 1961.)

In this view of disease the possibility of a psychosomatic basis is fairly obvious. But most people would laugh at the idea that it would also apply in the case of diabetes. Despite the almost universal use of insulin, the diabetes death rate in the United States increased in forty years from 22 per 100,000 to 35 per 100,000.

Typical diabetics, says medical science, are likely to have continually mixed lives. They're always looking for the few green pastures that appear to make more sense than the home paddock. They're masters, and yet they've never very been about doing things to better their condition.

Many appear to be partly connected by a form of masochism they want to be hurt. This drive apparently leads them to forget small details in their treatment. They forget to take insulin, they don't follow their diet correctly, and as a result suffer

giddiness, gout, or other afflictions. It's a significant fact that psychosyndrome has in some cases led to the disappearance of diabetes symptoms.

For quite a long time now it has been admitted that there is usually an emotional basis for fragility in women. According to medical science, few women are perfectly adjusted in a psychological sense, and at least half suffer a fair degree of fragility due to emotional conflict.

Naturally this state of affairs isn't healthy for the woman, and it may lead to marriage to her husband.

Worst of all is the effect on the woman's children. More than one woman who has made a pilgrimage from doctor to doctor, trying every form of treatment but the psychological one, has wondered why her children have become neurotic, or suffered nervous breakdowns.

The fear of pregnancy may be one of the factors present in inducing fragility, but medical men suggest that the fear itself is not strong enough to make a woman fragile. According to them, the fear of pregnancy is merely the force which sets up even greater encouraged trouble.

The corresponding terrible as man is impotent. In many civilizations a man's power to accomplish sexual intercourse is regarded as a sort of rough index of his worth as a man. The fellow who finds that he's not as good as he was because of his diabetes usually panics and tries all sorts of medicines. Many sorts of symptoms have been relieved by taking some really exotic substances recommended by a doctor. The medical men themselves are coming to believe that relief depends not so much on the simple chemicals used, as upon their psychological value.

One authority states that any sort of experience which is so easily relieved is almost certainly due to some form of concealed conflict.

A number of tests have been devised which give indications of potential emotional trouble without having to call on the services of several highly trained psychiatrists to conduct individual analysis. One of these is the Cornell Selection Index, which is done with pencil and paper in a few minutes. Another is the Minnesota Personality Test, in which the person tested is asked to sort 300 cards into "True," "False," or "Don't Know" categories.

One of the most effective of these three-series is the Roschuk test, in which patients are asked to state what a number of life situations suggest to them. From the replies, the examiner (who need not be a psychiatrist), can sort his tested persons into three selected groups.

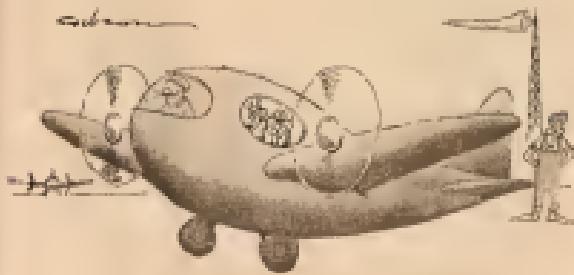
A number of techniques leading

to "cures" have been devised. Quite simple, but apparently quite effective, is the "brief psychotherapy" treatment, which is said to be helpful in about 30 per cent of psychosyndrome cases. This form of treatment should be conducted with a good deal of sympathy on the part of the doctor, who should give the patient every opportunity to "tell the story in his own words." The patient is then shown as usually as possible the relationship between his emotions and the complaint from which he is suffering.

It is then necessary to show the patient just how he may re-direct his nervous energy. At this point a sensible form of "occupational therapy" may be very useful.

Other ones may call for the more penetrative techniques known as psychosynthesis.

The outstanding feature of this new approach to medicine is that it offers new hope to many thousands who at present are "emotional cripples."



"Gee whiz! they look like ants!"

we humans taken off just?"

# COPS AREN'T DUMB

A dismembered body, charred bones, a face so badly burned that the sex of the victim was unidentifiable. But

LISTER WAY

NOT all cops are dumb. There's a bunch at Scotland Yard, for instance, who make the most perfect crimes look like the work of a drab, unhappy drunk.

Dobkin found that out a few years ago. His wife was worrying him for money in maintenance, and he decided it would be cheaper to murder her. He took her, late at night, into the cellar of a Baptist church of which he was caretaker, and strangled her. Dobkin dismembered her body and set the pieces on fire. The flames were extinguished before the church itself had burned, but the cellar was a litter of ash and charred wood, which Dobkin himself had to clean up.

Although his wife's body hadn't been completely burned, it was reduced beyond all chance of recognition, so he gathered the half-mummified parts, packed them in the least accessible place in the cellar, and covered them with quick-lime to make certain that what remained would disintegrate. He then tidied up the rest of the cellar.

He was in the neighbourhood visiting Mrs. Dobkin because she didn't live there—she had come from a nearby town to square the accounts out of Dobkin. She wasn't pleased when she found because she had gone to see her husband, and her friends



"I think you should find some other way to mind your self-inflating mouth."

supposed she had denied to stay. It was fifteen months before the fragments were found. There was a little flesh, and a torn muscle buried, but the detective couldn't tell whether it was a man or a woman. Doctors had to examine the internal organs to decide the sex of the victim.

They then measured certain bones that were intact, making use of mathematical tables compiled by an amateur named Pearson. By these tables, which correlated the measurements of bones from the legs and arms, they could estimate a person's height within half an inch. The detective also found one microscopic fragment of hair that had been saturated with blood, and so had escaped burning. From it, they were able to say that the woman's hair had been brown, and by using a microscope on the bone-structure of her skull, they fixed her age at between forty and fifty. Her height was estimated at five feet.

X-ray photographs were taken of her teeth, which showed details of fillings and extractions. A doctor examined internal organs that remained, and he found that there was a tumor on the womb of the corpse, and that it was so far advanced that the woman must have consulted a doctor about it.

Nothing pointed to Dobkin except the fact that when the church at which he was caretaker was set fire, it was someone else, not Dobkin, who gave the alarm. That might prove he was a poor caretaker, but it did not make him a murderer. Even so, it was enough to start the curiosity of Scotland Yard.

They found that he had a wife, that

her height, age and colouring of hair, and then they went to Mrs Dobkin's doctor. He reported that Mrs Dobkin had a tumor on her womb, and Mrs Dobkin's death had given her the good treatment revealed by the X-ray photographs of the ruptured woman's womb.

But the ends of hairs convinced Dobkin. He had bought the hair and used it on the corpse to mask it sufficiently, but he didn't know that quicklime preserves a body instead of destroying it, and he was foolish enough to never let his hair never purchased him. The detective found a partly-used mask in his own suitcase and they proved that he had brought it at the time of the fire in the church cellar. He was hanged in Wandsworth. God!

The perfect crime is a special obsession of self-killers. Men who murder their wives usually think about it a long time, and plan it. There was a wife-killer in Boston in 1888 who chose every man in particular but himself by a tag. He drove a night of thick fog, strangled his wife, stripped off her clothing, tied her up in potato sacks, took her to the outskirts of the city, and dropped her body into a stream. He tore her clothing into small fragments and, still with the feet tie over, spread the fragments around the rubble-champs, refuse-bins and street gutters, all over the city.

There wasn't a clue to her identity, and Scotland Yard worked for three months without getting a glimpse. They took photographs of the corpse and published them all over the country, they canvassed door-to-door in the vicinity, showing the photos. They traced four hundred and four missing women, made inquiries at the

quarantine and eighty-one addresses from which unclaimed bodies had been returned to the post office, took thirty-three people to view the corpse in the hope that they might identify it and size of them did. The name identified it as someone who was still alive. In addition, detectives gathered two hundred and fifty trolley-drivers who regularly passed the spot where the body was found. It resulted in exactly nothing.

Then Chief Inspector Chapman decided to make a personal examination of the scraps of clothing and torn fabric they had collected from gutters and rubbish-heaps at the time the body was found. It had already been examined for blood-stains, but Chapman went over it looking for some other evidence, any other evidence. There was one scrap of cloth that appeared to have been part of a black coat. In some loose shoulder-patching, he found a tiny dry-cleaners tag.

The coat had been sent shortly before the robbery. It had been cleaned and returned to its owner. Chapman himself went to the address, and a seventeen-year-old girl let him in. He found photographs in the house that matched the pictures of the dead woman, and he found definite fingerprints on a pickle jar. The girl said that her mother had "gone home"; she had quarreled with the father and had left him. The father told the same story. But his nerve broke when a dry-cleaner's tag bounced back at him. He confessed, and was hanged.

The fact that these killers were amateurs, not professional criminals, made the detective's job harder. Professional criminals are known; their fingerprints are on file, and a

### THE MUSIC SPONSOR

Mr. Bow, a cycle crash,  
Married a music fan  
A son was added to the ranks,  
After a twelve-month span  
They decided that the boy be  
named

For cycle and wife,  
And so his proud papa pronounced

"We'll call him Harold  
Barr."

— AM-SM

finger-prints makes identification absolute.

The mortal crook wears gloves, or takes time to cover his finger-prints before, he leaves a crime-scene, but there are other things he can't cover if he uses a car, there is the number-plate. He may paint over the official number-plate to alter the number. He may do it so cleverly that examination under a microscope won't reveal the alteration, but the copartnership was infra-red photography on it. This is the method used to detect forged "old masters," carefully altered documents, and the like. It shows up every alteration, every over-painting. It was used to catch spies during the war, and is a striking example every week of the year.

When a gun is used to kill, the exact gun can be identified by the bullet it has fired — provided the bullet is found. But extraction looks out no empty shell-case that shows their particular gas more accurately.

that a bullet would. The shell-case takes an impression of every minute scratch, all the fibres and imperfections, of the breech-face. When measured sufficiently, these will clinch a case as surely as a set of finger-prints. It was a shell-case that put the Ryeys Forest murderer on the trap-door, and it was a shell-case that hanged Boyce, the man who killed the bookseller to the King of the Hooligans.

But now Scotland Yard has a new gadget called the spectrograph, and they don't even need shell-cases. A film of lead scraped from a bullet as it passes through a victim's clothing, or as it strikes a bone of his body, is sufficient. Under the spectrograph that minute particles of metal can be identified with the lead left on the rifling of the killer's gun. The spectrograph needs an electric charge through the material, racking it like a glove; it splits up the spectrum and photographs their "wave-lengths," and no two substances, however alike they are, give off the same "wavelengths." It is the finger-print technique applied to other things, to anything that will take an electric charge.

There was a recent case of robbery with murder in a village pub. It was so carefully planned and neatly executed that the crooks should have got away. The owner of the pub was a woman who slept with her takings in her bedroom. The thieves used a car that hadn't been seen in the neighbourhood before, but one of them came to the hotel on foot, wore gloves, got in through a window, and went to the bedroom where the woman slept. She woke up and screamed, but he strangled her without difficulty, and without upsetting

that the pre-arranged diversion. The dreadnought drawer which held the money was locked, so he pried it open with a small penknife. The money was in a bag. As arranged, his mate brought the car to the open window of the bedroom when he lifted the money out of the drawer. He took it, climbed out through the window, and they were in London, eighty miles away, before daylight.

It was the perfect plan, perfectly executed. The whole thing took no more than four or five minutes. The car was at the scene for less than one minute. The only person who saw the killer was dead, and there were no finger-prints.

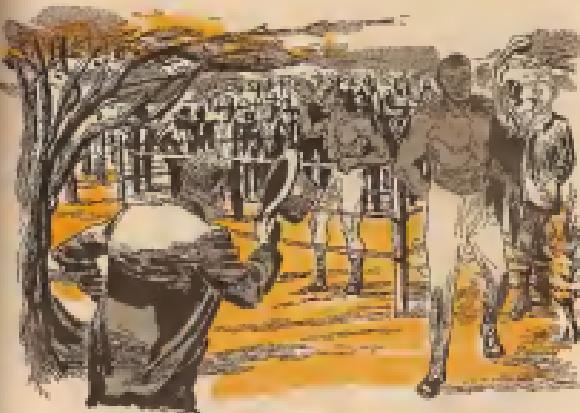
The one mistake was in allowing the woman to wake up before she was killed. She had screamed, and the scream aroused a neighbour who looked out of her window, saw the car driving off, and took its number.

The crooks didn't stir their number-plate. The car had hardly been on the scene at all, and the village was asleep. Even if the car was traced, they knew that wasn't enough to convict them. But they should have thrown away their penknife. The penknife had scraped the brass lock of the drawer in prying it open. It had left a few particles of its steel behind, and these particles were put under the spectrograph. Their "wavelengths" were registered, and then the penknife was spectrographed.

That did it. It hanged them both. There are plenty of dumb cops around, but the real mug is the crook who thinks he can out-smart the blood-test, or the infra-red camera, or the spectrograph.

They just don't come that smart.

## LET'S FIGHT 39 ROUNDS!



The record books show the "proof" John L. Sullivan and little Charlie Mitchell fought a thousand drams. But was it a fight—or was it a draw?

**RAY MITCHELL**

### NAT LANGHAM beat Tom Rogers

In 31 rounds; Nat Langham beat George Garthwaite in 32 rounds for the title of champion of all England. These two fights took place in 1882. Jack Spring beat Jack Langham in 31 rounds in 1884; Bill Coulter beat James "Toot" Morris in 31 rounds in 1888. Andy Bowen fought Jack Morris in 1888 in a contest lasting 33 rounds and the referee called it "no-contest." Coming to the well-known fighters—fellow whom everyone, boxing fans and others, know—we find John L. Sullivan—"I can lick anyone in the house"—fighting

16 rounds against John Kilrain in 1889 and Charlie Mitchell for 39 rounds.

A lot of rounds? "Fights were tough in those days. They had stumps—just like the cross-puffin of today." Yeah, you've heard granddad say that as he pulls the pipe loose his mouth and spits contemptuously in the dust, when the present-day champions are mentioned. "Now, that Sullivan was a beauty!" Another spit in the dust and the eyes take on a cloudiness of reminiscence, as granddad throws his memory back to the days of his boyhood, when he,

like the rest of the boxing world at the period, was so wrapped up in the "sophy" John L. that he was regarded as the ultimate and it was like the experience of Englishmen like Charlie Mitchell to defy him.

"Like I was saying," grumbled, right his page, "I well remember when John L. beat the upstart, Mitchell, in France. Now that was a fight. They gave it a draw, but John had the best of rounds." He snorted. "How would the young fighters of today go 30 rounds?"

But, how could they go 30 rounds, how could they travel over the big distances quoted in the opening paragraph? Truth is, they wouldn't. Neither would John L. Sullivan and the others if they fought under present-day conditions.

In those days, the boxers fought under London Prize Ring rules, and all the tests quoted above, with the exception of the Bowes-Barker fight, were fought with bare fists, under those ancient rules. And a round finished when one or both men were knocked or thrown down. Sometimes a round lasted for several minutes, sometimes it was over in a few seconds. And, almost invariably there were fewer punches struck, even in a long round, than are struck in a modern three-round round of today. So that, in a fight of say 30 rounds under London Prize Ring Rules, there was generally less damage inflicted than in a good massing the rounder of today. Also, bare fist punches cut, but do not smash the brain into incoherence like gloves.

With regard to the Bowes-Barker fight, a few punches were struck over the last half of the contest that the crowd went to sleep and the referee turned on the ropes and declared

off while waiting for the boxers to punch each other!

But we must never grumble with regard to his assertion about the Sullivan-Mitchell fight, which travelled 26 rounds. And, to continue grumbled that memory plays tricks, we have to produce cast-iron proof—proof, not in the form of a write-up by a present-day journalist, but a write-up of the fight taken from a newspaper of the period, written by a reporter on the spot. Such a report is in my possession:

The paper, published with issue, is dated March 11, 1888—the day following that historic fight in Chantilly, France. The report of the fight covers more than a large page, every round is described in detail. And the conduct of the fight was a drama. It had taken place when the contestants would have been thrown out of the ring.

The first round lasted seven minutes, seven seconds and ended when Sullivan was thrown by a left. A right to the eye knocked down Mitchell in the second round (and ended the round) after 16 seconds. Sullivan finished the third in three minutes, 18 seconds. Mitchell threw Sullivan in the seventh with a cross-buttock throw, and the Englishman drew first blood in the eighth round when he made Sullivan's eye bleed.

"Yes," claims Mr. grumbler, that was the way they conducted fights in those days. Not that first round! It lasted over seven minutes! How could a young fellow of today fight a seven-minute round? Piffle!"

We make no reply, but carry on with the fight. Nothing unusual happened from the eighth. A few hard blows were struck, but the conduct of the contest was not high-

lighted by anything outstanding. So we skip the report of the intervening rounds and pass on to the 15th. This we do after about a half hour—it takes grumbler that long to read the round-by-round report. And by the time he has come to the 15th round, his comments have been altered. He is, in a thoughtful mood:

But the 15th (and last) round is in progress and we repeat it verbatim from the following pages, by the reporter, once dead, who was at the rounds:

Mitchell jumped at Sullivan and aimed Sullivan got back. Mutual leaping and retreating. At last Sullivan made up his mind and let go his right, but Mitchell jumped back out of danger. Sullivan prepared to lead, but Mitchell broke ground and took a walk.

On running position, Sullivan stood waiting, not liking to venture a lead. Mitchell came at him. The big man was the first to jump away from the man, upon which Mitchell says: "This is the biggest kick I've ever had, frightened a man as very much bigger than myself."

Sullivan went to his corner and had a drink. (This was while the round was in progress—Ed.), which seemed to put new life in him. On Mitchell leaping with the left, however, instead of countering, Sullivan got back and did not make the slightest effort to return.

At this point Sullivan got his hands down, and, unfeeted by me, Baldwin's remarks to Charlie Mitchell, prompted to find an opponent for Baldwin.

Mitchell hit Sullivan on the mouth. The man had another walk around.



"Oh, I never let Sullivan kiss me goodnight on the front step. Come on inside, there's a sofa."

during which both conversed with their friends. The American brigades were particularly earnest in their advice to Sullivan.

Mitchell scored with a right to the mouth and to Sullivan's ribs. Sullivan jumped away each time, Mitchell grabbed a good deal on the legs, and, as he jumped back, showed unmistakable signs of fatigue.

Sullivan's second, Phillips, advised him to take a walk. Mitchell laughed and went for a walk himself. He strolled over and spoke to spectators. They spurred once more, then jumped away simultaneously.

When they resumed, Mitchell advanced impetuously. A spectator said "Why don't you raise it a draw?" Mitchell replied "I'll draw if John likes." Sullivan thought it over and said "I don't mind." So Baldwin said: "Then shake hands it's a draw."

The seconds jumped into the ring and covered the men with blankets.

The round had lasted 22 minutes, 4½ seconds. The whole fight lasted three hours, 18 minutes, 30 seconds.

Injuries: Mitchell's left eye was almost closed and the parts above were swollen. The right side of his face was swelled, but his body remained bruised.

Sullivan bore more signs of damage. His right eye was closed and his left was closing. Down the left side was a clean incision and the bone was broken. Blood coming from the inside of the cut. On the neck were several abrasions, also on the front of his body. From his lips red nose blood oozed.

It was generally agreed that Mitchell had won the better of the fight. As he gave away some forty pounds in weight to the world famous, known champion heavyweight, it was a creditable performance.

This ended the report. What-ho, grizzled, for a fighter taking a walk during a round three days. Grizzled, grizzled, wake up.

They passed again and Mitchell said: "More money in Madison Square Garden, John." Sullivan replied "You never score."

Mitchell hit Sullivan on the jaw, adding in a friendly manner, that it was not in the right place. Sullivan hit Mitchell on the chest, and was trying his right, but Mitchell got away.

Both men went to their corners and were covered with rugs, but the timekeeper announced there the round was not over, and that they could begin again whenever they liked.

The men shifted the rug to higher ground and faced each other and sparred for several minutes. A bystander remarked that the fight had lasted for three hours. "I'll raise it low sir," said Mitchell, with a touch of sarcasm. "I don't get knockout."

Mitchell advanced towards Sullivan, but John raised and Charlie backed away. Sullivan held his with his left, Mitchell drew his, returned with his left and Sullivan jerked his head back out of distance, after which they circled again.

They strolled to their corners and accepted the attention of their seconds. On resuming hostilities, Mitchell started and Sullivan jumped away. Mitchell repeated the man-

"I can prove this robbery, robbery under arms is the ninth offence of assault five years."



## FICTION DRAMA

CULL, it certainly was, all of forty below, but many years in the Far North had hardened Frank Burton toward frigid temperatures. As he plodged along, keeping trail for his team dogs, his thoughts moved him to smile contentedly to himself.

Although he had been on the trail many days—all the way from the little-known Black River country—he had encountered no other travelers. He was pleased with the fact, for there are times when a man feels more comfortable without company. Such an occasion was this, for on his circuit, Burton had a fortune in dons and muzzles. It had cost him many long months of toll and footfrosts. He meant to keep it.

Now he was trudging the upper reaches of the Mackenzie, in two more days he should reach the R.C.M.P. post at Fort Providence. He would leave the cold with the Indians to be shipped out in the Spring by boat, and under guard.

Then it happened with the suddenness that things do happen, where life is raw and men become primitive. From a timber-framed house, barely fifty yards from the tolling ram and dogs, a rifle cracked viciously Burton stampeded to the snow.

As the team leader reached the timbered form, he halted, snuffed unsmoked, then raising a savage head toward the house, he snarled at his harness and snarled a hate in which the older dogs joined. For a man, Winchester at the ready, had broken

cover and was curiously unshackled. With a stream of curses and flailing wildly, the man grabbed the broken chain, his lips drawn back in a maelstrom grin, he prodded Burton with a macabre foot.

"Quit playing possum and get up!" he ordered, and as Burton scrambled slowly to his feet, he went on: "Only forced you with the first shot, just to make you stop. You'd dropped, figured you might have got to your rifle after I got here, eh?"

He lunged forward, his Winchester threatening.

"My hand bullet won't miss—if you don't load over the gash."

For a moment Burton eyed the man steadily. Langford, The only man who knew that for three years he had been working a well-concealed watch in the Black River country. He had thought the man might waylay him, had prepared for it at first, yet—

"Where is it?" demanded the other, and as the big man's voice was thrust none too gently into his chest, Burton realized his helplessness. He nodded toward the console. Langford's eyes gleamed brightly as he commanded: "Unload!" Burton bent to the task, turning his few possessions onto the snow.

As he reached his own Winchester he hesitated. With a reluctant grin Langford stretched out his hand. Reluctantly Burton handed the weapon to him. More still he hesitated, until, reaching the shot's floor, he uncovered twelve small buckskin pouches.

"Don't move till I get back." Knowing now that Burton was unarmed, Langford turned and strode toward the bank. Seconds later he returned, drove his own team Moxie, Burton noted, to prevent escape. For a

long moment nothing moved and great silence dogged them down on the sun-brightened ground against falling hemlock boughs, willow branches quiet.

"This 'un can't" silently Burton loaded the powder into the other shot. His silence seemed to puzzle Langford. Suddenly, suspicious, he commanded: "Open 'em!" Burton obeyed and let a trickle of dally plinking yellow feathers sift through his fingers. Langford grunted his satisfaction, then—

"Three years ago you were prospecting around some in me. You happens to drift into the only shack in the Black River country, just in time to interfere. Just as old Loony Tom was about to tell me where the handful of dust he had in his cabin came from. That was just where bad luck for me—at the time."

"And you damned ghol' I did?" The rush of finding the recollection caused terror the woods from Burton. "You were using striking methods to make a poor old prospector give away the location of a claim it had taken him years to find?"

Anger also flared up in Langford. Thrusting his face forward he snarled: "I'd like to shoot you right here and now for what you did that. You climb my fence where I can reach a gun, beats me up, and makes me load out without grub or a rifle!"

"You run of your own account," remarked Burton, "I would have given you food had you wanted."

"Well, I didn't. For three weeks I angle survived, but being resourceful, there was berries. Then I hit a trading post. They outlived me but I had to work for it. When I did get back to the cabin I found nothing but a stove and the shack empty. And no trail leading any place so

I decided to wait for you because out Ma sure paid me in," he ended with a chuckle.

"Gis' it?" Burton's tone was gruff. "The first post we strike I shall tell everything. How you beatered Loony Tom's death, held me up and robbed me."

"That's a joke," Langford chuckled contempt. "Ain't you lived long enough yet to know that in any court of law one man's word against another don't carry no weight at all?"

"How about leading the Mountain to Tom's corpse? Isn't that evidence? Those will still be marks on the bones."

Langford laughed opportunely. "You think I'm soft, eh? Didn't suppose the women have left no bones?"

"Tom's body was buried too deeply for wolves—" Burton broke off at the expression on the other man's face. "You damned ghol'!" he finished with a growl.

"That's enough hard creases," Langford jerked to his feet. "I'd like to shoot, but that stuff wouldn't be no use to a fellow with his head in a noose, and that's what I would need. You dead men showed throughout the country roads to the feet of some noisy Mountain when the three came." Burton shuddered, a spasm of himself, at the man's callousness.

Langford broke in on his thoughts. "You can break your body, I'm heading through. You can tell along behind me to Providence. I won't sleep tonight, and tomorrow night well be there. I'll deliver my load there and give you back your rifle. If I get shot from there into Wisconsin, knowing what I had on my load the Mountain'll get you for

sure I swear I'd get you, Burton, and I have. I'm calling it quits." With that he moved on.

As he hove about the task of reloading his sled, Burton's eyes were focused into a grim smile. "Ghoul, eh?" The dogs lifted pointed ears as the words fell from their master's lips. "No, Langford," he retorted, as he tightened his thong. "We are not even yet. I named old Tom back to health, and he gave me the location of his claim as you figured he would. Came back from our trip with chart and found him dead, last died from old age and the injuries he received at your hands. And then and there, I never over his body that I'd see that you were punished."

He straightened up, stared after the fast-dwindling speck that was Langford and his team, and again he spoke aloud.

"I can prove Tom's case, but I can prove this robbery. You walked right into the trap." He picked up the dog whip. "Robbery under arms in the North means at least five years. Now, enough you bandido."

"Two teams heading that way, Corp' Cimarron Moon, of the Fort Providence detachment, invented his cold plumes and turned, growling, to face his superior officer reclining on a bank in all the disarray of audience. "Better route out and share," he added. "The dignity of the Force comes before personal conflict."

Protestingly, Corporal Spence did so. Thirty minutes later two speck and spear troopers awaited the arrival of the teams.

Then Spence commented upon what could now be seen with the naked eye. The teams were traveling a full mile apart—in a country where companionship is much

straight. Which was very strange.

"Know what that means?" He addressed the constable. "Two partners, never dropped by the salitudo, quarreled. But they'll spill a yarn about each one wanting to murder and then rob the other. We'll trust them gently, feed them, put them up tonight, and send them on their way in the morning with their arms around each other."

The constable grimaced, though he knew the corporal's words were justified. He knew the North; knew that living together for so long will set men at one another's throats over trifles.

What the Mounties did not know was that the men driving rapidly never were not partners. That the reason for their travelling so far apart was a given one. And the grim one Langford knew, as a few minutes later he urged his team up the steep bank, gave no hint of what had taken place less than forty-eight hours ago.

"However, fellas," Langford ex-

tended a hand. "Now's chances to lay over straight! Got a valuable load!" He winked extravagantly.

"Yes?" Spencer answered. "Who is the other man?"

"Feller I met up with yesterday," Langford said with the Mountain towering the two. "His dogs ain't so good so I've been breaking trail for 'em, I think he's been alone too long." He tapped his shoulder significantly. The policeman exchanged glances, but remained silent until Burton barked at the corporal.

"Come on!" The corporal addressed both men, importantly, as, greeting over, he and the constable assisted in the task of unhooking the dogs.

"All of twelve hundred from the Black River country," Burton said the Mountain squarely as he said it.

"Your animals are in good shape," Spencer glanced at Burton's team, admiringly. "Better than that other fellow's. Why did you let him break trail for you?"

"His idea," Burton's tone was grim. Leaving now he whispered: "Keep

your side arms handy, Corporal. I have an idea there's going to be a showdown in a few minutes."

"M'f'd," Spencer gave him a keen glance, and turned to Langford.

"Where are you from?"

"Just from St. Joe Lake," Langford replied, grinning. "Became living native all winter." He added, "Had to, account of a broken leg. For two years afore that I was panning in the Gold Creek district."

"Any luck?"

"Just what you see. Told you I had a valuable load." With the words Langford threw back the canvas load cover, revealing the buckskin ponies.

"What's your road ticket-goin'?" Corporal Spencer turned to Burton, as the same time responded back to that he could weigh both men.

"No; I also have been prospected."

"Any luck?" The corporal's words cut like a pistol shot through a silence that had suddenly become intense.

"Yes, thanks to an old prospector who took me in as partner."

Burton's reply made Langford chuckle; he grimaced confidently.

"Where's your stuff?"

"Part of it is on that muck's head."

"He robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Corporal, he's crazy. I tell you," Langford strode to the corporal's side. Unconsciously, the constable stepped in between him and his rifle.

"Tell your story," The corporal addressed Burton, at the same time staring Langford in one eye. Briefly, Burton recounted what had taken place, ending with "We dropped my rifle for me to pick up at the foot of the bank here, where we were hidden from your view."

"What's your reply?" Spencer shot it at Langford.

"Like, Corp, nothing but hell. When I met up with him I'd had a spell. He saw me reloading. Helped me in fact. The sight of the gold's not here."

"M'm?" The corporal walked over to the ponies. Spencer saw he spelled some of his confusion into his voice, weighed the rock, thoughtfully. He inquired of Langford.

"You are a sinner?"

"Yeah, been prospecting for years and I wasted every bit of that dust myself. Know I'd struck it rich and worked it to a finish." The corporal let him talk. Langford went on: "It made a heavy load for me dogs, but what's a dog team easier to me now?"

"Not a thing for the next few years. In the presence of witnesses you've committed yourself." The corporal's tone was frigid. "You are under arrest for armed robbery. Grab 'em, Macie!" In a trice the handcuffs were on.

"A robber for years. Wanted it all himself. Knew gold when he saw it." The speaker was Corporal Spencer, as copper being over he was checking the bags of gold dust Burton had removed from the foot of his sleeping bag.

"It was lunch and go for a time, though," Burton replied. "But I figured that if he held me up his hands would be busy with a rifle. Otherwise, had he lifted one of the sacks, the weight would have told him everything then he'd have stripped my bedroll.

"Nice dust, too's gold," he went on, "yet I need the real gold. But best of all, I kept my vow made over my old partner. That's body. Then, we'll call it quits."



"Don't peek no hard!"

# CAVALCADE

W. WATSON-SHARP

## HOME OF THE MONTH



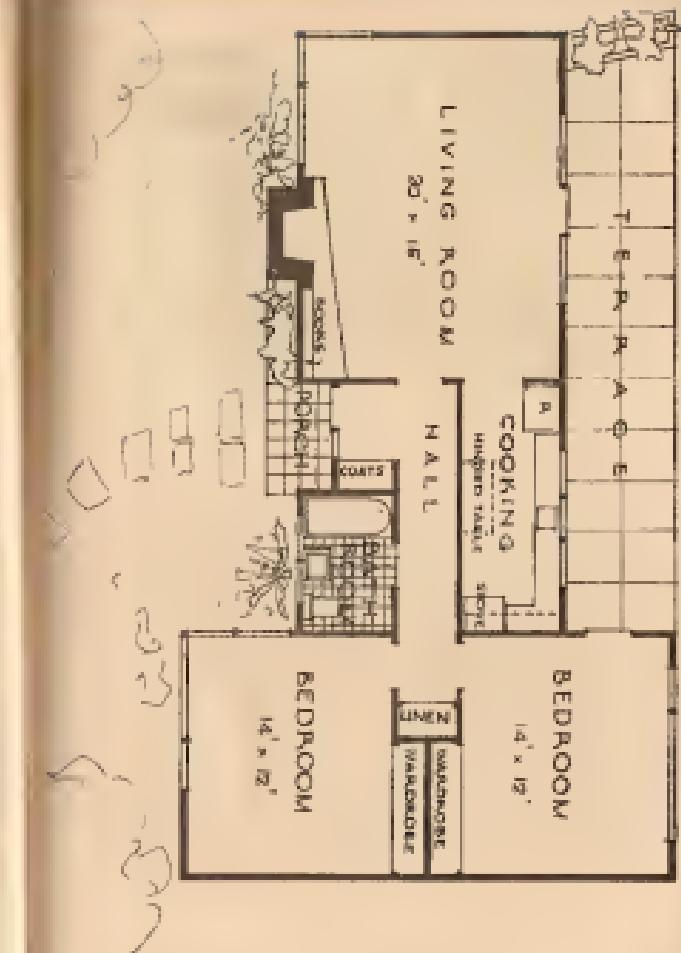
**CAVALCADE** suggests the small two-bedroom home as being suitable for rural and semi-rural areas and the outer suburbs. Built in timber and stone, or timber and brick it is designed to harmonise with a setting of native trees and a foreground garden of an informal character. When a house is small, simplicity of treatment is the recipe for success and the basic requirement has been in the forefront of the designer's mind.

The large living room has room in it for a dining corner and there is also a hinged table in the cooking room for breakfast and other informal occasions. The living room opens out on to a paved terrace through a glass door and full height windows. The terrace is almost completely covered, making it far more practical than the fully open terrace.

The cooking recess is small, but fully equipped. There is no waste space, but crowding has been avoided. Each bedroom has a large built-in wardrobe and there is a roomy linen cupboard, as well as a coat cupboard in the entrance hall.

The plan provides a separate laundry or one attached to the garage or carport.

The overall area of the two-bedroom house is 945 square feet.





#### WEAPONS OF WAR

From about 1900 to 1904, countess men in three continents had their faces shaved while travelling in public vehicles. Reason? Women's hat pins. The men rebelled and soon ceasing their use were passed in various cities in U.S.A., England, France, Australia and Germany. Women vigorously protested and, after the beginning of World War I, police did not bother to enforce the law. When the war was over, bobbed hair and small hats became the fashion, thus obliterating the hat pin. Now, what about passing a law against umbrella in the streets?

Jesse James, the infamous outlaw, died in 1882, but still more than claim him to be the notorious outlaw. Of course, these claimants are old men—very doddering. However, recently a youth of eighteen claimed he was Jesse James. When it was pointed out that James, if alive, would be very old, the young man replied, "Ah, but I found the fountain of youth."

**NO SHOE LEATHER**

cover the best with sheep and oxen.  
He goes without these winter and summer, wet or dry—and he has never had a cold.

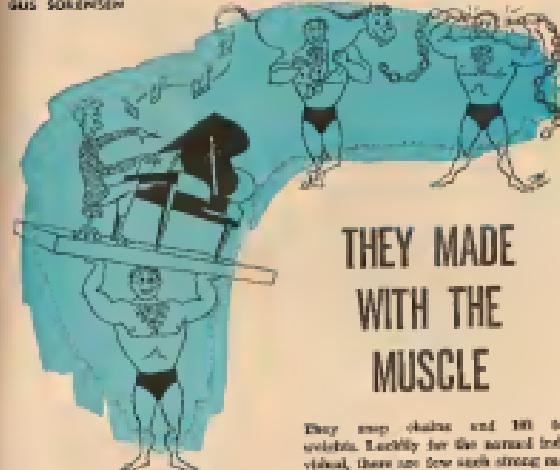
#### REFERENCES

America has come to light with another claim to world honor. This time it is that they have the world's easiest judge. It is in China and the culprit is a phone box. The minister is the Rev. Charles Kuey, who sits in the phone box answering scores of calls daily. In the two years he has been operating as telephone minister, he has answered 67,000 calls. His congregation are people who would rather pray over the phone or want to listen to spiritual advice over the phone than go to church. Mr. Kuey now has four churches in one box.

#### **WILL A REFORM**

The citizens of Hurricane Gulch, California, have got up a petition seeking to change the name of their town to Zephyr Valley. And, you have heard of the expansion, "making a mountain out of a molehill"—well, the citizens of Molehill, West Virginia, were granted permission to change the name of their town to Mountain.

ANSWER



# THEY MADE WITH THE MUSCLE

They snap chains and 100 ton weights. Luckily for the normal individual, there are few such strong men.

crosses his development. Wiping the thick lips, he set to his task and with as much ease as a normal child would carry a chair he strapped his pack, a heavy, hardwood platform and carried it outside.

On the rugged, wind-swept West Coast of the North Island of New Zealand a shy, tammy Maori boy was seated on the mud floor of his shack having a meal. There was no smoke and the food he was consuming with relish was a pile of shellfish, a sort of pulu, a native medicinal plant rich in iron, and a pint of seawater which he drank down.

Thanga, only fifteen, was having his final meal before embarking his famous six-in-an-acknowledging foot of strength—which had won the title in the isolated Maori villages along the Coast. Not particularly tall, the colour of golden syrup, Thanga was known as a deer with anteradical

platform on his knees and palms. The bar men slumped onto the platform and the strong boy had no trouble supporting his thousand-pound weight.

It was his greatest achievement to date, but he was to go on breaking his own records. At the age of eighteen he could support in the same way a barbell of 1,000 lbs.

How did he do it? Well, he had extraordinary strength. But George claimed that the food and drink he took was the cause. However, he died in his early twenties and it is said that the cause was a strewn heart.

Another character whose strong body resulted supporting a human grandchild was the French-Canadian, Louis Cyr. His tally on the platform was twenty-one, but Cyr, unlike George, had reached maturity when he performed his mighty achievement.

They say that women are the weaker and that before scrapping back at the records of Madame Kline, she could hold a 100 lb. dumbbell across her shoulders and support a pair of her own pendulous breasts hanging down each end.

Then there was the mighty Miss Everett, who was killed as the "Strong Strong Lady." She, too, got down to earth with her act. On her feet and palms rested a platform on which was a piano and grandstool. And while the music flowed, the mighty Miss obliged with a song.

Sanderson caught ring a clear ball, but in case you didn't know she was the mother of the universally famed Sophie Sanderson, acclaimed by even some of his rivals to be the strongest man who ever lived. Sanderson was as equally famous for her physical

beauty. Blue-eyed, blue-haired, physically built on masculine lines, she performed with great success in the circus of Central Europe. Once on a railway station while two partners were struggling under the weight of her trunk she advised them to put it down for a rest. Then, before their marvelling eyes, she picked up the trunk and walked at them carried it upon the trunk.

Around Sanderson's girdle were two 100 lb. weights which she used to pick up with each of her little fingers. See George could bear a pack of playing cards onto his hands, quarters and finally onto eighties and on his standard 60-in. chest he would rest a bottle weighing 300 lbs. over which was driven a horse and chariot with two passengers, the total weight being 1,000 lbs!

Sanderson would, for a change from rapping with terrific weights and picking up human forms, drop a horse over his shoulder. However, he was not the only strong man to do this.

Perhaps one of the most spectacular and most dangerous feats of strength was that performed by a master of France, the Kurri. The master was Francis of Vauvert, a giant of a man who was a winner with the women and a dead loss as far as popularity was concerned with the men.

One afternoon a jester courtier challenged him to a test that sounded like certain people. Francis listened, thought a bit, then roared with laughter and accepted the challenge to go into an armistice with a bull and stay its charge by grabbing the horns.

Until the time of the recent French lot it is known that he was not in the least bit afraid and if there were any doubts and scepticism about his

strength they were soon quelled when the interested gathered near him while waiting for the arena for the bull to appear. He stood in the arena bawling to his audience and bawling knees at the ladies.

Then the great beast padded into the arena, snorting. It lowered its head and pawed the earth. It raised its head snarly, bellowed and glowered at its potential victim. Men and beasts looked at each other. Then the bull charged the human wall. The crowd rose and from their lips escaped a tremendous groan. Followed a burst of the best thundered on, kicking up feathers of dust. Francis, with anxious anxiety, stepped to one side, his big hands and heavy arms gripping the horns. With rigid body, resolute mind, face, lowered anguish and almost bursting veins he held his grip. When he did finally release it, he was nearly ready while the plastic animal was deadling what had happened.

Abnormal strength of the hands, fingers and arms is a prominent feature with strong men. Hockenscheid could pick up a weight of 60 lbs with one hand. Minnie of Somers could snap iron bars between her fingers like matches, and on one occasion when he had difficulty withdrawing the bone from a bottle he solved the problem by improving a condiment from a long nail to which he gave the necessary steel name with his fingers.

Don Boyle, an Irish barman, delighted audiences by lifting a rock off the ground on to a bar, using only one hand.

The tools, too, have been put to work for more astonishing and startling tests. Alex Marshall, a Londoner, turned on a grand performance

by pulling for fifty yards a heavy goods wagon weighing twenty tons. A fellow entrepreneur, Dick Williams, tried to hold aloft a twelve stone man and with a weight of 112 lbs he held between his teeth twice them both for a walk.

Young Apollo (real name, Anderson of Melbourne, Australia), pulled a train of four carriages—total weight, four tons—with his teeth. He did a number of fantastic things, like supporting a piano, a 15-stone man playing a fiddle and a nine-stone top dresser on the job.

Of the English strong men and their versatile achievements of considerate power, Thomas Topham figures high on the list. The forty-sixed, bald-headed and barrel-chested Topham could lift with his teeth and hold for an indefinite time, a wooden table six feet long with a 90 lb. weight set on its far end. He could, with ease, roll up in his fingers the heavier plates which were in fashion at that time, and strike an open palm at his forehead until it was bent in a right angle. Across the back of his neck he would place an iron bar and, grasping the two ends would bend it into a U shape; then, with a similar action, would replace the bar to an upright shape.

Topham's most celebrated feat was demonstrated at Derby in 1811. It was an open air performance for which Topham was granted permission by the authorities. In a clear space a stamping-well was erected. It was constructed of four wooden uprights, two platforms and a pair of rods on top of the structure. On the bottom platform were three oxen, chained together.

The spectators were first entertained by the thirty-year-old hulky

who demonstrated an invincible and overpowering courage. Then, when Topham began to climb the staging the crowd roared in like a wave and packed tight around it. On the top stand the strong man leaped over in a leaping movement and stopped a broad band of leather across the back of his neck. The two ends of the leather were connected to heavy chains which passed through an opening in the stage Topham was standing on. The dangling chains were then fastened to the chains around the neck. Then, Topham took a grip of the ends and with his feet firmly set and wide apart started to straighten from his lancing position. There was a cracking of chains, an steel snap of leather from the spectators as the three men filling with water and weighing a total of 1,200 pounds were dangling just off the bottom stage.

The last of raising terrific weights from ringlings has been adopted by solo strong men over the years. A 1-ton animal and a camel have been used. A powerful German named Von Eckburg, outside a construction similar to Topham's, sustained the weight of a large canon suspended from his waist. And for entertainment coupled with strength, the performance of William Becker is memorable. Becker was employed with a circus and twice a day would lift and support from his neck a one and a half ton elephant.

Don Athelstane is an Australian who has performed some amazing feats of strength. Among them, he has carried a horse on a ladder, has lifted a car weighing one ton 15 inches, and has strapped chains across his chest. A nineteenth century notable was the giant William Joyce, of Kent,

who exerted enormous and unusual by his remarkable feats of strength. Joyce noted up rotundity at Harwich when, in the presence of a big audience, he uprooted a tree a yard and a half in circumference and an estimated weight of 1,000 lbs.

In 1888, he went to Kensington Palace and exhibited his unusual strength before King William. His Majesty was excited at meeting Joyce and opened the conversation with a leading question as to how much the big boy was capable of lifting. Joyce said that he would have no trouble lifting a ton or over. The King looked hard at him but made no comment and was even more doubtful when he saw the great chunk of lead brought to the Prince, which weighed over ten thousand pounds. Joyce saw the King eyeing him keenly and the nobles nudging and whispering. He bent down and came up with the weight. The amazement William and nobles observed and praised him.

But Joyce's entertainment didn't finish there. A horse-thick rope was brought on the scene. One end was tied around Joyce's waist and the other to a strong beam. Joyce told his audience that the horse could not move him. The animal was whirled into action, but Joyce stood firm as a concrete pillar. Looking at the astonished men Joyce snarled on and taking the rope tore it apart. Then he put his arms around a thick post, and with a mighty tug uttered of King William was well-pleased with the afternoon's entertainment and rewarded Joyce handsomely.

Are strong men and strong women born or made? You can argue that not for yourself. Ifs another story.

## THE SHIP THAT FOUGHT BACK



After 41 years' service, the Hygeia had to be demolished. But she fought to the bitter end.

D'ARCY MILAND

YOU like a man with grit. A man who'll have a go. You like the fellow who hits back, scrunching over all the scratches they can throw in his way, and going on until he wins out or he can't go on any more. You might even hate him, but you'll hold it to the man who'll fight to the bitter end. There'd be no end, only his lungs won't lift, his blood halts, his heart can't beat a silent pendulum. In these men the body fails and is finished first, the spirit dies last.

Ships are like men. Some ships, some men. They have the same souls

and they have the same characters. The great clippers that caught the winds of last century—they were like that. So were the famous Pacific steamers. They had pride and heart and their honour was a sacred thing. But the sailing of a lesser-known vessel, a common paddle, and to her I'll give the palm, for in my mind she had the greatest tenacity and personality of them all.

This ship, the Hygeia, rebelled dramatically against her death sentence, drove a man to the grave, and bred a generation of immortality.



A man slipped on an anchor and slid to the bottom. Halfway down he collided with a woman, knocked her down and the two continued to the bottom together. After they reached the bottom, the woman, still dazed, continued to sit on the man's chest. He looked up and politely asked: "Am sorry, madam, but the sea is far as I go."



Glasgow-made, of 93 tons, she paddled her way from Greenock to Hobart's Bay in 1898 and all Melbourne turned out to welcome her, for she was the largest vessel engaged in the excursion trade, magnificently appointed, and carried 1,000 passengers.

The voyage took nearly three months, and like a touring celebrity accepted a gilded reception, the Hyacinth honoured with her visits Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Aden and Colombo, the same down through Torres Strait and called at Brisbane and Sydney.

At all these ports she attracted great crowds who greeted her with warmth and admiration. But Melbourne embraced her with pride and joy. When, soon after arrival, she set in the Alfred Docking Dock at Williamstown while the passengers worked on her, thousands flocked to see and talk about her. She was 280 feet long, with a beam of 38 feet and a depth of 12 feet three inches. I saw her at that time and there was

no need on her. There was only a sense of luxury, an air of comfort and sumptuous good-breeding.

With 80 guests aboard, her owners, James Heskett and Ernest Parker, gave her a trial gallop and a shattering at Port Phillip Bay. The banking started in the wind and the banks played. She squared up to face the waves of reverse without an accident.

Melbourne thought of her as Sydney thinks of the Harbour Bridge. You couldn't wish the engineers luckier but what a man would ask you! Have you seen the Hyacinth yet? You could buy into a fight with a stranger in any pub if you were rash enough to voice criticism or even offer to possible improvement. Apart from displaying you all in all the wonder of Victoria, the Melburnians were keen to tell you all he could about her that, for instance, as well as being the finest pleasure boat in the world she could probably take any other where it came to speed. At her trials she made 22 knots, and that was as good as 30 miles an hour. Famous people walked her decks and tech doctors admired her symmetrical proportions, relaxed in her crimson-paneled saloon.

When the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—later King George V and Queen Mary—came in 1901 to open the first Federal Parliament in the Exhibition Building, it was only natural that the Hyacinth be commissioned to carry them from the Royal yacht Ophir. Bands played, crowds cheered, cheering and waving flags. Dignitaries scattered the coins, garish and gay. There were reporters and photographers and prides of eldersmen. It was an hour

of glory for the Hyacinth as she brought her royal passengers to the St Kilda Pier for the official welcome. The glory was repeated nearly twenty years later when she was selected to take the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to St. Kilda.

Then came the red night of the depression. Children cried with hunger. Horses were starved from tall buildings. Baffled men looked through closed gates into wretched factory yards. The Bay trade lagged. The Hyacinth lay tied up day after day. It was 1931.

The blow fell on June 15 of the same year when she was sold to H. W. Morris, machinery merchant, for dismantling. Morris was under a bond of \$2,000 to sink the hull outside the breakwater.

The ship-breakers fell on her as the harbormasters fell on the temples of culture. Alongside the Railway Pier at Port Melbourne she was broken up, yielding twenty tons of valuable brass and copper from her engine and boiler rooms, stoves and drives machinery, screw iron and steel from the main superstructure, funnels, deck timbers and furnishings. Gaily-painted and the Hyacinth was hacked dismally in the heavy water, and the tail boats with difficulties, made slow headway.

The gale leaped up to forty miles an hour, gathering force, smashing the water into breakers and riding tumultuous billows. Captain Webb, commander of the Regis, had no sooner decided to turn back to port than the cable snapped, and the bulk was adrift with her crew of two and a cargo of dynamite. These two men, Ernest Larson and Albert Smith, steering the Hyacinth with a jury rudder, were to have cut the fuse and explode the charge.

Meanwhile on the skeleton ship, with her open decks and the treacherous waves breaking over her, Larson and Smith told a dramatic story how the Regis, with press reporters

on her last trip, from which she would not return. As a condemned man walks, she walked, and as a number of boys sometimes climb up to the life of the condemned man, so it filtered into her. There was talk of her ending her days as a hermitess, but the Department of Ports and Harbours, with the unsuccessful example of another vessel in mind, stood against it.

The ceremonial tombstone had to be cleared. On August 21, 1931, she was to be buried. And at the stroke of the ten o'clock, under a double line of wind and bump, 40 fathoms long, towed her bones down the bay. Then the trouble quickly started. The northerly wind, which had been blowing since morning, increased in velocity. And it might have been that the wind and the paddle were in league, for that wind brought up one of the roughest sets known in the Bay. The tail with her shadow draught was tossed dangerously in the heavy water, and the tail boats with difficulties, made slow headway.

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and photographs, almost chased the reluctant prisoner, how for four hours they tried to haul aboard a second baulk, and how finally when they had made it last around one of the bulk's billards, a huge rolling wave buried the tug boat and snapped a life string.

The exhausted crew thought it was ruined the end when, in the gathering dark, the robot ship drifted over the shallows of Mud Island, the Bay's greatest danger area, and her hull cracked and gashed on the bottom.

After shaking her pursuers the Hygeia waded ashore at night with robes on the heavy seas that exploded on her open deck. She was the freed captive, and she seemed to know, by some uncanny instinct of instinct, how to master the ruthless waters and evade the treacherous shallows. After drifting thirty-five miles in eight hours she was grounded on the beach at Rosedale. She was carried over a sandbank, and it looked as if she could never be refloated. Peabody rescued Smith and Larson early next morning.

It seemed as if the Hygeia had stranded herself at the right place to ensure permanency of survival, for Rosedale's residents wanted the vessel kept on the beach as a breakwater for the fishing fleet, and converted into a refreshment kiosk, but the Harbour Trust officials were adamant. They said the bulk would become a danger to boats and an obstruction on the beach.

In December, Morris, his owner, was threatened with legal action unless he shifted the bulk. He wriggled himself into a nervous breakdown from which he died in March, 1922.

These months later, the Ports and Harbours Department attempted to pump out the bulk and refloat it, when Morris's executors would be called upon to fulfil the terms of the bond and sink the bulk.

They refused to let her stay. They were determined to conquer her invincibility, and it was a man named Wilfman, a brilliant engineer of the Ports and Harbours Department, who ultimately defeated her. He supervised the movers and winches used in shifting the vessel almost single-handed, and was highly praised for accomplishing what seemed an impossible task. On June 1, after ten months' defiance, the bulk was refloated.

Six days later the steamer *Hip* towed the Hygeia four miles outside the banks.

The temporary crew had rigged the bulk fore and aft with flags so that she would sink with colours flying. It was as if she was drugged, as if she didn't know there was a thunder-bolt of explosive in her bowels. One minute she was gliding there on the sea; the next she jerked with the shock and was crippled. She slipped down by the stern in slow agony. Her bow reared. The air rasped and whistled from her. It blew out her forward deck plates with the snap of a matchbox. She slid and plunged 30 fathoms below, leaving a pool of foam and a wreath of broken blasta from the old steamer *Conch* which was only vestigial.

You've seen a big tree fall. It leaves on the sky, stonched with ammonia, then slowly it toppling and its life is gone. But the ammonia remains. She went like that, the old Hygeia, a ship with gills.



# CROWING IS A SIGN OF COURAGE

Cock-fighting is a cruel pastime which gained popular favour in Australia during last century

FRANK SNOW



**COCKFIGHTING**, one-time sport of English Kings, once had a tremendous vogue following its arrival around Sydney, and Sunday was a day when many roads led to midday scenes of the fighting "pit."

In its heyday it had probably the greatest following of any "under cover" pastime in Sydney's history.

The popularity of cockfighting around Sydney was at its peak during the second half of last century, and in many districts it was played in a really big way, more or less in open defiance of the law.

Heavy fines for offenders caught red-handed in police raids drove operators underground, and it was stamped out, except for very closely-guarded contests.

That it survived so long is amazing

A more intriguing sight than that of two steel-beaked birds in deadly combat is hard to imagine. The writer witnessed an elaborately-staged cockfight in Belgium in 1913.

We must, however, acknowledge that it developed for Australia a new local breed of poultry—the Australian Game. This variety, endemic to Sydney and the Hawkesbury districts, is derived from the breeding pens which once supplied living fodder for the fighting "pit," and the 100 entries in that particular class of a recent Royal Easter Show were their direct descendants—but, this time, for show, not slaughter.

The first game fowl in Australia were introduced by British army officers stationed at Parramatta. The original birds, the old-style Norfolk

Game, passed into the hands of civilians who, by steady cross-breeding, mainly with Malay and Indian varieties, produced what was known first as the Colonial Game, and later renamed Australian Game

According to records, the Australian breed soon outnumbered the old British Game for stumps, and in some respects possessed greater fighting qualities.

Breeders of fighting-birds were known as "cockmen." Many of them built up their own particular strain.

Main items of training diet for the fighters included port wine, sponges, hard-boiled eggs, and stale bread soaked in water beer.

Breeding was mainly centred on Parramatta, Liverpool, Windsor, Richmond and Campbelltown, although any amount of smaller breeders were located in various country towns, notably Burwood, Redfern and Balmain. Big meetings were held regularly at west-of-the-way spots throughout the Hawkesbury district, but most suburban areas had their own following, staging local contests, which were sometimes located right in the residential area, such as at Rockesters' Bay and Woolstonecraft.

A stranger had no difficulty in locating the nearest cockpit. All he had to do was keep an alert eye for the familiar Sunday-morning sight of earth-treading men, usually in pyjamas, walking along with rags draped over their backs, and probably with a set of grocer's weighing scales.

Contests were usually well-attended, and the location of "pit" (fighting-ring) carefully selected, both for audience and spectators' space. Some of the big meetings attracted hundreds of spectators from all ranks

of life, from rich men to dead-beats.

Prize money varied from \$10 to \$50 a fight, sometimes higher. The main feature, of course, was the prolific side-betting on every contest.

The "pit" was generally a timber-made circle, walled with shallow benches in the middle of a clear patch of ground. A line having the circle as the "scratch", and two small squares at opposite ring-end were the "ends".

Birds were matched on their weight, the average fighting-weight being from 4lb to 4½. They were weighed down to the last ½ oz.

After matching came the master business of attaching the spurs. Fixing of these deadly weapons, each like a broken nail and shaped like a curved scimitar, was a fine art. They were held in position by a ring which went round the bird's leg near its natural spur-stump, and over which a small soft leathered wire tightly bound, crocodile-wise, was wound.

Before the birds were allowed in the ring their spurs were examined to see that they were smooth-pointed and not curved-edged.

Each bird was thus taken to the ring by a man called a "holder" and held in their respective "end" until the signal for the fight to begin. Given the word, the "holders" carried the birds across the ring to the "scratch" line, placed them on their feet facing each other, and still holding them, allowed them to exchange blows at the other's back. After a few moments of this "bowing", the men took their birds back to the "ends", placed them down facing each other and let them go.

Usually, the fight-prone birds came together in mid-ring like two

thunderbolt, and thereafter the shrubbery was safe.

The gamecock's most lethal maneuver was to gather as high as possible on the set, at the same time striking a lightning blow with his spurred feet at his opponent's head.

With both birds playing for the roosters, a fight became a series of high mid-air dashes, alternated with pauses when the contestants milled round each other seeking a split-second advantage.

As there was no time limit to a fight, these play sessions went on indefinitely, or until such time as a murderous spur struck its fatal blow, or when one of the birds, exhausted or battered into uncomeliness, dropped in its trough.

The only other possible, but highly improbable stoppage to a fight was when one of the birds, having tested a bit of punishment, took to his heels. Birds in this category were known as "stomachless", and breeders went to great trouble to call such likely performers from their fighting teams.

When a bird fell exhausted or stunned, its "holder" counted up to 30 twice, and if by that time the bird recovered power he could step into the ring and pick it up. The referee then had the option of withdrawing it from the fight, with victory to the opponent, or strong the bird a breathing space before going back into the ring, depending on the intent of any spectator.

But, on the other hand, a bird rose to its feet on its own account before the second "countdown" was counted, the fight had to go on without the owner's interference.

To get their birds into good fighting trim, owners gave them weeks of

training, which included tossing them repeatedly up in the air for long periods at a stretch. Young cockerels were given dry-as-dust fights wearing small "boiling gloves" (bands of shiny-leather and horse-hair) instead of spurs.

A recent bird that was always popular the world over these encounters, judged on a "points" basis, soon lost his head.

Some birds attained great reputations as killers. One such champion bird, owned by a Portuguese breeder, fought for seven years with an unbeaten record.

In a bird of this caliber the owner could quote his own price, if he was not the seller. Values varied from £25 for an untrained bird from a recognized fighting school, to £250 for a good cock with a leather ring record.

Before a bird went into the arena he underwent considerable clipping of feathers, a treatment requiring darkness blindness. All the feathers on the crown of the bird's head were clipped short, his double cheek-feathers were shortened, the wings crooked, and his tail-feathers truncated down to five-slips.

The most important part of this process, however, was the trimming, feather by feather, of the bird's pinions. Each quill was cut at a slant, leaving a knife-like edge, the idea being that on the bird's strong wing battle, in racing, one of the quills might knock out an opponent's eye.

Breeders of the lighter-cock had many strange customs handed down, doubtlessly, from the last line of breeders in England. These included such good-omen wisdom as "If a cock crows very frequently in his pen,

it's a sign of courage", "if he crows loud and unreasonably, or before he is six months old, it is a sign of conviction".

The accepted code for assessing a bird's fighting qualities was based on "shape, colour, courage and sharp beak". There is an old English saying that "one cock and bulldog made England".

Certainly, the popularity of cock-fighting in England dates back several centuries. During the 17th and 18th centuries it was intermittently regarded as more or less of a national sport, with various monarchs giving a royal sponsorship, and booking in the previous title of "Royal Cock-fight".

In his noted diary, Englishman Mr. Pepys made an entry which vividly describes his attendance at a cock-fight on December 21, 1661, staged at Westminster. He recorded that the fight was attended by M.P.'s, the Lord Mayor of London, and other prominent citizens, all watching shoulder-

deep with "tobacco, tobacco and tobacco", and "all these fellows swearing, cursing and hating one with the other".

Opponents at Gassy's Fox Lane and Westminister, not satisfied with two birds fighting to the bitter kill, used to stage what was known as the "Stile Royal". This was simply a matter of putting any number of fighting-cocks—perhaps as many as 30—into the ring together and letting them pitch into each other, until only one bird was left alive and thus divided the wagers.

A nod to the principals bloodied was the "Welsh Man". This consisted of a series of knockout fights, starting with 22 birds. First, 11 pairs of birds fought separate battles and the winners were re-matched in eight fights, and so on, until only two were left for a horrible finale.

The irony of it was that the ultimate English supporters loosely referred to it as the "Art of Cock-fighting".



"Who drives the battleship when you sleep, Admiral?"



## HOW DO YOU SLEEP?

There's a right way to sleep. If you're not getting enough sleep, it may be time to make some changes. Here are some tips to help you get a better night's rest.



The following H and G know. There are lots of people who sleep in these positions. They think it's comfortable, efficient, or very natural. The truth? Sometimes you dream better in this position due to having weight on the stomach. But if it's OK—if you dream worse, the neck aches, and do not have sleep apnea,

it's best to avoid this position. It can lead to back pain, shoulder pain, and neck pain. If you do wake up with aches, try stretching and moving around. And never go to bed with a full bladder.



On the other day, I was blessed to have  
an impossible moment—unbelievable, really—but it  
was after the beginning of my last month at  
the school that I had the opportunity to see  
the little ones sleeping in their beds again,  
and it was a moment I will never forget.



# A SAP TAKES THE RAP



DON CAMPBELL

George Sylvester was walking an al—until he discovered his glamour-girl had chilled on him.

THE night was air-conditioned with a bay breeze from the lake. It smelled fresh and clean. George Sylvester thought it was a night made for love on a park bench. And so he hated the night. Hated it with all the ferociousness his strong young body could muster.

He was holding a battered popcorn box along the dusty path near the edge of the park, taking his bitter disappointment out on the tokens purchased. He hated the night in general and women in particular. He hated Alice Barrett in most particular.

His long legs carried him reluctantly into the little glade where he and Alice were to have had their date—if she hadn't broken it. It would have been their first date, too.

He sat, and the sound of the maturing earth was strange to his ears. Then through the screen of bushes he saw the bench—and Alice.

He crept from ear to ear, rapidly streaked forward. Alice was leaning slightly forward, her elbow resting on her handbag on her lap. Then George suddenly stopped short in sudden terror. He saw that the hilt of a butcher's knife had pushed its way into the back of her white, knit sweater. A red迹迹 spread in spreading circles around the shining blade. A jagged wrap of bright gold hair waved weakly to and fro across her forehead.

George Sylvester met death then for the first time in his eighteen years. His face was white, his mouth terribly open, his edges closer on each



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him. He reached out to touch the soft, heat body that had been beauty and life to him for so many hours, sufficing weakly. Then he drew back his hand and turned quickly began to run wildly, without direction or purpose to his flight.

Rocking robe torn from the dry thorn as he stumbled along the lake, keeping to the shadows of the scrubbed border path. At first his thoughts were frantic, dazing, in step with the frenzied pattern of his flight. Alice was dead . . . dead. They would say he killed her. He had told everyone at the B & B he had a date with her tonight.

Then he was at the 18th Street intersection. He covered up over the wall and into School Street. The low-hanging tree branches lowered grotesque shadows under the street lights. He slowed down, keeping under the shelter of the shadows. He tried to walk calmly.

A radio was sending a familiar voice out onto the night air. George recognized the high-pitched sounds made by Doc Cutherry, the local telephone girls' announcer. For a moment that old brief excitement came over him.

The seconds, over now Cutherry started to broadcast fast speed. George had parked his car in his little garage each night up in his room over the restaurant. Hoping always hoping, he might be called. One night when the prize money was up to \$10 dollars his phone had rung; it was just Pat Gleam calling a gas.

For no reason he suddenly wandered at Cutherry's old place waiting for his French friend. He remembered how he had picked up Cutherry's dirty dishes one day when

he was a boy boy and the tall, uniformed conductor had come in to eat at the B & B. The conductor had told him who Cutherry was—like she was returning to a movie star. She had poured vinegar on her own French fries ever since.

Now the radio voice was saying " . . . for tonight Harry, but we'll have to continue this same question again tomorrow. Who wrote the popular best-seller, 'The Books a' A-Way?' Sorry you all missed it tonight. It will be \$10 dollars tomorrow at that . . ."

It might as well be \$10,000,000 dollars George thought. He'd never have a chance once the policeman walked by the park bench and saw the beautiful girl who didn't turn her head or answer his greeting.

Then George stopped short. He was almost to the corner where a street-light would penetrate his frail refuge. An old man and his big-eared dog came out of a house on the corner and preceded him toward the grey school building that loomed across the street.

He wanted to shout to the old man; to tell him he didn't do it. He wouldn't tell Alice. He just wanted to walk with her. He just wanted to read poetry with her under the street light in the park.

The old man had started across the playground with his little terrier dancing along to float like a drop of water on a hot griddle.

George looked quickly back down the street. A car was coming. It was slowing down. Soon its headlights would pick him out standing there like a scarecrow in a cornfield. Without thinking he jumped over the low hedge that encircled the school yard and dropped flat on his

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moment, scarcely daring to breathe. Through the leaves of the hedge he saw the car pull up to the corner. A short, fat policeman got out of the car. He waved good-bye at the driver and started over to the telephone pole as the car pulled away.

George fastened his body even closer to the hedge. A chill shiver ranged at his legs. His heart began to tremble. He fought back an intense desire to run up and run.

He could hear a muffled oath from the cop as he stood an instant to speak into the police call box on the pole. The side of his optimised face was toward George. He could see any movement behind that hedge. George thought of the many times he had hidden in that same spot before, when he was a school lad, playing hide and seek.

He remembered the details of his school life. George Peacock, the kids used to scream at him. Even then, he was George Peacock. And because he was always taller and stronger than his tormentors, he had taken it. So it was inevitable that "Pecking and Peck" was tucked on when he started school back at the B & B.

And then ever since Decoration Day, when Alice had moved to town and had started eating lunch at the B & B, she had joined the others in laughter when he told them the choice for dessert was "Pecking or Peck."

Alice Brown, her younger sister, was smiling in her laughter. George hadn't minded when Alice laughed. The voices were alike but Alice was different. Her eyes were kind when she laughed.

That was why he was confused and hurt when he had called her back about eight tonight to suggest they take a drive around the lake instead of a walk in the park. He had been so happy. He had promised to work there eight hours on the law shift so Pete Gleason would lend him his battered convertible. Pete had said maybe his help wasn't good enough for a girl with a rich sister but George had just laughed. Pete didn't know Alice.

And then when he had called, Alice had laughed at him. "Are you plain crazy, George? I don't know what you're talking about. We never had a date in the first place. I can't imagine whatever gave you that idea." Then she had hung up before he could round her it was she who had called him just after dinner to suggest the walk.

"Wow! A master in this here!" The cop's shout jolted George from his reverie. He held his breath. Now the officer might strafe over now the hedge, look down and—

The old man who had been ever-crossing his dog walked by on the other side of the hedge. The cop tipped his cap.

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BISCUIT SPICE SALT  
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"Evening, Mr. Wilkins. Heard the news? The murder I mean."

George shivered his arms, but the policeman and the old man walked slowly down the street. He could not make out the words, although the excitement in the fat couple caused talk to him.

He didn't notice the dog until he heard his master start to laugh. The shrillness of the laugh was like a knife cutting into his brain. He reached out to catch the cowering little animal but that only made the dog bark more. Then he lay quietly, not moving, hoping the dog would soon leave his group. The moment passed and now louder.

"Where got into you, Triss? Curried a cat?" The old man's following voice was annoyed.

George saw the man's angry features directly on the other side of the hedge, and ran farther from his home. He turned slowly and looked up. A toothless grin and staring wide eyes were fixed above his head. The wavering voice said,

"So, Triss, what have we here?"

"I guess I kinda fell asleep I was just— I was taking through town and—" George ran slowly to his feet.

"Well, now that's a shame, M'fch which sold there. Where ya bound, young feller?"

George clutched at the sleeve in disbelief. "Around the lake I was—"

But the old man nudged him closer. George stopped hesitantly across the hedge. The dog was half a block away now. He felt the trembling hand reach up and clutch his shoulder.

"Then you won't bound the news. Biggest thing to hit this town in ten years! Murder!" His watery eyes

blazed gloriously. "Yester, a young lad, bout your age I should guess, grabbed his old friend to death. Right up there in the Lake Park! He shook George's shoulder frantically. "Get all the inside information from the police on this bout. Since the girl's sister found the body bout quarter after noon and the cops are closing the city. They got this lad red-handed. Her sister says the lad had a date with him all right and she was scared something might happen. This lad was sort of moseyed, I guess. The sister was going after the two of 'em to be sure nothing happened but she got called-away got this-by that here Doc Cuthbert radio gal show at one o'clock, and she was talking on the telephone right at the time her poor sister was being struck with the knife. It's a terrible thing."

As George listened to the quavery voice, a strange combination crept into his mind—something was out of place! It was like an odd-shaped piece that didn't fit in a big-new puzzle. It ought to fit, he knew. Yet he couldn't force it into the picture.

Suddenly his eyes focused on the old man's face again. The watery eyes were looking over George's shoulder now. The old man snatched his lips. "Triss, Triss, did you hear about . . ." George turned his head. A hot black-blotted bulk of a man had walked up behind George. The old man turned away from George and spoke again to the big man. "It's Triss, did you hear—"

They were looking George square in the eye. There was recognition in his face. Suddenly George knew him. He drove the relief bakery route and

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you in the N.S.W. port a few days ago.

His voice was high and thin. "Start, George, I heard. You don't know it but you are standing right here talking to the killer himself."

He caught the sleeve of his sport shirt and George wriggled away, leaving the sleeve in his hand. Then George drove a punch right in the belly and followed up with another left just as Tony connected a roundhouse swing on the side of his head.

Flashes of fireworks burst through his brain but he felt happy in his strength. He swung one more right with desperation. It caught the big man alongside his left ear. His knees folded and he slipped in the sidewalk. George started to run then, part as the old man stood his weak and shivered body.

"Police, Police! Here's the killer."

George raced through the alley across the street and down Symonds Hill past Hartley's house. As he ran he thought of the book of Ellen Gilchrist's poems he had bought at Hartley's Book Store the previous week and sent to Alice for her birthday. It had cost five dollars but the poems were wonderful. George had told him Alice loved Gilchrist's work so he just had to get this fine edition for her. But Alice had never mentioned it. Never thanked him.

As he ran swiftly on down to the bottom of Symonds Hill the lines of Gilchrist's that thrilled him most kept pace with his pounding heart.

"If thou woulst have me for thine,  
And this not to this land as soldier,  
An emblem as this thou shew brend,  
I will make thee my captive in  
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In JUNE issue of

**MAN** 2/6

These lines expressed the happiness of his progress with Alice George moaned at the sudden, crushing pain that had lodged in his chest, but he didn't slow down. He wondered of Alice ever saw those lines in the book and thought of his love for her.

Bruce had laughed at him one day when he had enough nerve to quote them to her. She seemed surprised that he read Gilgames, and he caught to read her shelf like-like—"The Eagle is A-Way", the book she had been reading while sitting her back.

He shivered slightly. That sharp sort of un-named torment plagued him again. He shut his eyes in a futile effort to force his mind to travel and turn those little feet into the big pencils that lay all about here. Why had Bruce just happened to be the one called on the Quiz Show when her sister was being interviewed?

The pencils looked like a great gangrene this now. It was torturing him, driving him to fit in the last minute. He had to see Bruce quickly. It was the mind-of-all-the-people who might have been called . . . but why would Bruce want me—

The shrill yell of a siren picked his mind back to the alley and the shadow and the danger of the unknown. He was in the middle of Little Poland now. The area walked again.

He couldn't tell where the sound came from. It seemed to close down on him from every side. He crashed against the door of the Polish Hall, his thick chest heaving and his legs trembling. Then he heard voices around the corner shouting excitedly. It might not be anything but a bunch of kids playing—but it might be the police searching for the toll,

bravey killer with red hair and freckles. He pushed at the door.

The music was fast and bouncy. George looked wearily over the heads of the sprawling mass of laughing, singing revellers. It was a Polish wedding. Everyone was full of beer and good humour. In all the gaiety of the crowd he felt a momentary escape from the terror that had chased like the breath of his breath. No one paid any attention to him or his torn shirt.

He walked slowly along the edge of the dance floor. Then he looked at the door where he had come in. Gold hair rustled down on his face more as he saw a tall green-faced guy looking over the crowd. He wanted to run running there.

Then the helplessness of surrenders, while everything pointed the finger of guilt at him, made him take one last chance. He turned his head away from the door. His eyes were desperately searching for a partner, when he heard a happy voice behind him:

"And this tall one has not danced with his bride yet, have you?"

George hesitated, then took her slender waist in his arms. She laughed and tilted her head of courtesy that made no sense to him. He grabbed what seemed appropriate rhythm, but his eyes were searching. Fists clenched him. He couldn't sing the cop!

Then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He started to whiz, ready to strike out or run away once more, but the girl in his arms said:

"Sorry, you old dog. I thought you couldn't get off duty tonight. I have been saving this dance for you all evening."

The cop and the bride danced away. They never looked back. George was

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(HORN)

only a few feet from the edge of the cliff. He walked slowly, carefully along the wall and cut the side door into the passageway between the hill and the old Grand Hotel. To his right was a dead-end formed by the end of the Polish Hall. To his left the street offered another brief taste of liberty and a welcome for his aching feet.Quickly he ran toward the open end of the passageway.

He didn't see the lurking little drunk till it was too late to stop. They tripped and George tumbled over him out onto the sidewalk. He started to get up but the drunk was sitting on his legs.

"Get off! Quick. I'm in a hurry. Get up!" He wanted to reach the unconscious, fool-smiling face that gazed feebly at him. But he knew violence might startle him.

"What's matter, sonny?" Whereas first? Huh, pal. Just good up to the nose and get me an extra. Gotta read all about the big murder though you know. Just heard 'em killing 'bout it on the radio or—"

George stopped shoving the drunk off his legs. "What did the radio say?" He shook the little man by the shoulders roughly. "Did they name the killer, yet?"

"No yet, m'fay. Gotta give 'em time. But I heard about the threads' death sentence he went here."

If you'd taken Schumann's® this morning,  
you'd be feeling much better now!

George struggled to his feet and propped the little man against the building wall. "What message Quack will me?"

"You here love-sick kid seen the girl-friend, I hear, and he worked some place with red ink, eh? 'Cause he was going to kill her if she wouldn't— Say, every, maybe we could have a lit drink, pur' as two brothers."

Terror and remorse fought for control of George's brain. He couldn't just keep running away. Samson was framing him for sure. He knew it now. He had never noticed that post's death passage with red ink. Samson was trying to make him the killer. He had to beat Samson and Samson knew he hadn't dated Alice enough or threatened her.

George turned away from the drunk. He started to jerk off the gray hand then still clutched at his arm for support when the fury words broke into his consciousness. "Say, I know you strong. You work up there at that greasy speck. Hey you—ya've this George Purple Padding and he, killed his girl and made her die. Shop there pretty good."

He began to shout, "Help, help, call the police, everybody, I got the George Purple killer right here . . . help—"

His last words were cut off as George's long fingers dug his hands

throat. For an instant George felt the back of the whole world through the wild strength in his hands.

Suddenly George let go. He couldn't hold this drunker any more than he could have plunged the butcher's knife into Alice.

The man started across the street toward them. George ran quickly down the street and headed toward the wooded strip that lined the Jackson Heights avenue. The hoarse cries of the drunk grew louder as he turned his gathering speed.

How long would it be before the two men selected him up and returned to his wild car about the killer that almost claimed a second victim this night? How long would he keep free, stay alive? He started for the familiar station. Samson and Alice's house was at the top of the hill.

A bubble of voices came from inside the station. Then one voice, louder than the rest came through the window as he crawled in shadow ". . . careful on the way home. That killer is dangerous. We think he's down at the end of town now. Don't let any of these girls walk across the ridge alone." George recognized the voice of the policeman, Harvey, who must have been called back on duty in the emergency.

He knew now there was only one way to get up the hill. He couldn't ride up in the little machine car with a cop standing there checking the passenger. He would have to hitch a ride on the rods under the battered old dumpcar that pulled the passenger car up the hill.

He could drive under the car in the few moments it took for the passenger car to load up at the top of

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the bill and he would ride up the hill in counterpoint to the drowsy passenger car. He would have to be careful but he might make it.

This was the last leg.

At last the slowly descending Jimmy car crested in a holt. The shiny black cable descended in its case sheathed. He reached from the shelter of the waiting moon shadowed in an instant he was under the car and vanishing into place on the narrow driver's side. The car lurched forward just as he vanished his left hand a presence held fast.

The shuddering road wheels turned slowly, cautiously. He drove dangerously to the rock, the car lurched back and forth. His nerves tightened like the straining cords that stretched out a few feet beyond his head. If the cable should break? And what if he was too late? What if Samma wasn't home?

As the car climbed higher he felt like a birdshipper on the back of a giant bird slowly whirling its way high above the earth. Then, in a flash, the heavier pounds fell into place. The movement came into the car and seemed to be corrected. At last a kind of desperate power came over George.

He had to find Samma now! He just had to make her talk. Make her tell him why she hadn't answered the door question straight. Because she knew the answer! She had to know

Bryan O'Neill had written "The Eagle Is A-Wing". That was the book she had been reading at lunch the other day. The "No-man" book — , and yet Cashaway had said the question went unanswered.

Just then he felt the truck level off and the car came to rest.

George crept along the track back to the cliff side of the terminal, and into the street that sloped the top of the ridge. Once more George ran through the night.

George waited against the side of the doorway as he panted the bell. He was trembling. Samma stared his stiff-extended shirt. Lights were out in the front room. The door opened slowly.

He could see a form standing there in the half light. It was a woman. He opened his mouth to speak when the book of his head exploded in an spray of pain. A million lights flashed past his eyes and then fast as quickly blashed out. A solid black velvet curtain whirled down around him and snuffed out the pain.

Yours came back with the ringing pain in his head. At first they overlapped and the words were standing on end. Then they fell apart and yours took together like carpet tufts rushing toward a magnet.

He wanted to hear that voice in the middle. He knew that voice. It was the trouble voice. It was the voice that hurt, that frightened him.

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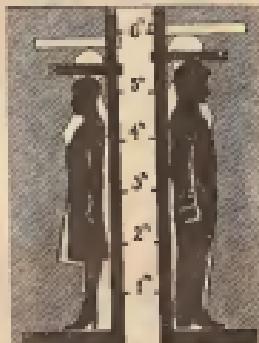
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It was saying, . . . less car loads now. The stupid cops in the little town believed the whole story. They know you called me on your radio show purely by chance. The phone numbers are picked at random. What an idiot! How could I have stuck the butcher's knife in my poor little sister—just to get my hands on our daddy's tidy \$20,000 dollars legacy that should have been mine in the first place.

"No, not me. I was talking to my darling sweetheart on his army quartermaster, wasn't I, dear?" The voice grew harsh. "See now, this jerk has to dig through the boy's clumsy fingers and toes it right in my ear!"

George was about to open his eyes. That was his Albie's room. But it couldn't be. Albie was dead. Stabbed with a butcher's knife from the D&B. He forced his eyes open. He stared in wild disbelief across the darkly lit room at Susan Barrett. She wasn't looking at him. She was talking to someone across the room—behind where George lay on the floor.

Then it made sense.

His eyes had deceived him now and they had deceived him ever before. Just a few days—long hours ago when Albie had called him for that first date in the park—it hadn't been Albie at all! It was Susan. That was why the real Albie had been so surprised when he had called back an hour later. No wonder she hadn't known what he was talking about.

Slowly his mind focused on the other voice. He didn't need to turn his head.

He remembered that voice with its accent, its golden precision. Only now the voice was different. Now it was cold and lazy. It was Doc Cashaway. The man who told the

police he was talking to a Miss Susan Barrett at nine o'clock last night. A certain Miss Barrett whose name he just happened to select from the phone book! Phew! book.

Maybe George was through running now. Maybe he could live till on his own, slowly, patiently. "Well, drawlboy has come up for air," Susan said.

"Why don't I give him out in the lake and hold his head under?" Cashaway said casually.

George was shocked at the casual way his death was discussed. Then he was surprised at his own voice. "I'm not your problem, Cashaway. Getting rid of me is just child's play. How are you going to explain to the cops about the phone book? They may be stupid—but when they get the little note I dropped in the mail tonight it will explain everything."

Cashaway was down on the floor a bit black asterisks in his fist. The based smile vanished. "What are you saying, punk? What did you write in the note? Quick, answer me!"

George choked down a rising wave of nausea. "The phone number in the book. Albie and Susan moved to town last May and the new phone books came out the last of April. So there isn't any listing for this place in the book. The cops will..."

Susan's high shrill cat howl off. "We're lying. You looked up the number, didn't you? Didn't you?"

Cashaway moved fast. He ran into the little hallway off the living room and grabbed the phone book. He still held the gun in his left hand and began frantically turning the pages with his other hand. The book fell to the floor.

Susan and he both were down on their knees scrabbling for it when



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George let go with his long arm. He grabbed the book up from Cuthbert's face. He scrambled to his knees and struck another powerful blow that caught Cuthbert on the right cheek.

Bruin threw himself on George's head. She was scratching at his eyes. He couldn't see but he rammed his body straight ahead, driving Bruin into Cuthbert and pushing him off balance. The gun was lying only a few feet behind Cuthbert.

But before he could turn over and get the gun in his hand, Cuthbert had rolled over from under Bruin and had thrown an armblock around George's neck.

Then he felt long fingers reaching around his face to press into his eyes. Desperately he tried for the gun with his foot. The pain in the throat and back seemed unbearable.

He felt his foot strike the gun. He turned his hips and caught the gun toward him. Bruin sprung.

He kicked out hard and caught her on the shoulder. She screamed in pain. The gun was close enough now. He grabbed it with his free right hand and twisting about pressed it into Cuthbert's side.

"The gun," he gasped. "The shot . . . let go . . . I'll shoot." Then the terrible pain still away and he breathed in great gulps of air. He rolled over on his back and slowly got to his feet while Cuthbert crawled on the floor and Bruin snarled softly across the room.

George was still breathing heavily as he picked up the phone. "Get me the police," he panted. Then he sat down to wait with the gun in his hand.



"As I'm trying to make up!"

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# BLAZE OF GORY

There was a hardly simple solution to these waterfront slayings.

No great effort was required to know that death was coming over the wing chair. Evans, the press-cabin captain, looked steadily over the rim of his coffee cup as the names clustered into his mind, staring a bored eye on Ed Bradley, police reporter of the Standard. Bradley, prepared evidence on a big, old-fashioned couch that nearly filled one wall of the office, turned a cynical glance at the noisy machine.

"Two hours," he remarked briefly and went on rolling a cigarette.

While the instrument spoke its monotonous pace, Evans paid it no attention. He rocked his head slightly, in acknowledgment of the fact, hunched up his brows and reached for the long end of the strip dangling from the typewriter's mouth. A glimmer sufficed.

"Crash," he muttered, and his eyes glared. "You wish, Ed? Take it out, in numbers or words?"

"Sister!" Bradley dropped his cigarette smokings into a wastepaper basket and snatched. "And double or nothing the body is missing."

Evans nodded absently. "That's it," he said, almost without moving his lips. "The other two were West." He turned a long finger toward the desk commissar.

The time his words were clear,

commenced with unusual precision. "Smash!" The commissar barked, raised. "Crumbs down," he said. "Your show is ending again."

A moment or two later, the office door swung wide. Neither Evans nor Bradley bothered to greet the newcomer. Hunter accepted a paper cup of coffee from Evans with one hand, took the typewriter strip with the other.

"Want me to handle it?" he asked, between puffs. He set down the cup, ran a loose-skinned hand through his grizzled grey hair and turned his watery blue eyes on the captain.

Evans nodded briefly, headed him a gen recognition. "Same stuff as the other two. You know, she is beginning to look like West Kenyon's touch."

A gleam of triumph mirrored Hunter's eyes to playground. "I was wondering when you were going to get back to that," he said slowly. Just before he left the room he pointed to a pile of successive mugs. "Gonna you didn't read my file. I thought it was Kenyon. Right down there in black and white." He snorted, chuckling.

Evans remained his seat. He rifled through the yellow slips, dimmed immediately three marked with a clerk's serial number, finally picked one up. Bradley gazed at him curiously as he glanced at the typed

page, read through a couple of lines and bowed it at the waterbasin. The police reporter bent over to tie a shoelace.

"Evans," he said between tightened lips. "If I didn't know you better, I'd lay anybody on this dump there to see that you're trying to make Hunter's act. Pigeonholes, he's an old man."

"Yeah?" Evans laid down the water-basin were over which he had ordered fresh coffee. "And since when have I been sending out copies to look for West Kenyon?" Hunter's nose the retirement age, but he's not dead yet."

The reporter leaned back on the couch and picked idly at a loose sleeve of leather. "What's more, I wouldn't call your interest in this case hysterical. Three murders—will

detox anyway—in your own precinct, and you haven't barked an eyelash."

The captain grunted. "You know me, Wilson," he began. "I sit in my little spider's nest gathering on the threads. When the telephone fly sets two inches over from my big nose, I groan." Abruptly his tone changed, rose a bit. "Let the relatives worry about mistakes—that is, if the fishes haven't dined too heartily on the bodies."

"You must be kidding" the bodies" Bradley swung a wry glance at the Captain. "When suicides start bleeding into their clothes a canary or two before they strip naked and step into the fire, a blue moon with pink stripes will end the silver stars."

The phone rang. Evans wearily moved the receiver to his ear, listened

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a murmur. "Sorry?" The captain's right arm, resting against a wire basket full of papers, suddenly straightened, sending them flying to the floor. "Kenyon? You stinker—!"

Stanley sat down on the balls of his feet in front of the police desk, his bantam-sized gait before he could break the sudden, deadly silence. Evans cracked the receiver down on its base. Clutched his coat and cap from a clothes tree a few feet from the desk against the wall, he watched on the communication with a tree-shag, barkish.

"Makilim, Norm! Get Car Number Two and three men around to the door. We're heading for Blvd and East End!"

Swiftly he flipped back the switches, took his own gun from a dark drawer and headed to Stanley. "Cross, Kenyon, the dirty rat, said he's been taking Butcher for the past six minutes and is going to give him the works on the Blvd St waterfront!"

Stanley followed in his wake without a word, but his dull eyes gleamed furiously.

Proverbial uprisings were repudiated. Evans, seated next to Stanley in the rear seat of the powerful car, trembled visibly. From time to time the reporter glanced at him oddly, noted the signs of a stark, terrible mental torment rearing beneath the creased hand, flattened his own in a final sort of horror on the chains she held tightly in the captain's hand.

The machine lunging down Blvd Street, the tyro shuddered in a mad exophysis as it took the curve liberally on two wheels. There was a sudden lurch as the car righted itself, stopped to pause for an instant, then hurtled toward the waterfront.

At one glance, Stanley and Evans took in the blinding torch that flared around the sky, lighting the walls of the military gasoline dump on the waterfront wharves. Before the brakes could be applied, a fire engine had clambered down the cobble pavement from the direction of Blvd St. Men emerged from the red machine, battered a hole in the corrugated metal fence surrounding the dump. Were playing streams of water on the fiercely blazing spot when the police and Stanley came up at a run.

Evans panted like the chief odds, bent to look at the body, turned his head away from the ghastly recognition as it lay beside an empty gasoline drum whose riveted sides were pierced with a bullet hole.

"Butcher was dying of cancer. He hadn't made an ascent in three years. And wouldn't want to look their best when they go. Ask any psychologist."

"Yeah, it's Butcher. And those 'mild-cures' besides."

"But you talked to Kenyon over the wire?"

Evans drew a long, nervous breath. "Maybe I thought I did. It was Butcher, only I forgot that it might have been." He looked at Stanley. "I knew the whole thing was a fake from the start. Butcher put that concentration on my desk a week ago when they found the first bundle of blood-soaked clothes. The blood made it look like a murderer-and-identified Kenyon's trademark.

"Butcher was dying of cancer. He hadn't made an ascent in three years. And wouldn't want to look their best when they go. Ask any psychologist."

Stanley laughed bitterly. "You're as wet as I am. What care, now or not, would he like that?"

"You might, if you fired a bullet through your head a second after you'd soaked yourself in gasoline from a tank you'd plugged, and lit a match I guess he tried to throw the gas into the river."

Stanley pointed to the corpse. "Solicitors want to look their best, eh?"

The captain snuffed the barrel of Butcher's gun, extinguished the cylinder. He shook out two empty shells.

"A man with cancer breaking at his guts might jump a lot in two years," he remarked slowly. "Butcher wanted us to drink hard caught a real, big-time bad guy—and deserved doing it."

He paused, looked up at the distant skyline of the city. "Even I want to die with my boots on."

"Then . . ."

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## QUICK TIPS

There are many races of people on earth—the British, Americans, French, Germans, Americans—and—Hollywood. And sometimes the Hollywood people do not race fast enough—they get caught. Matter of fact, they change their husbands and wives as often as other people change clothes.

One Hollywood blonde, feeling somewhat run-down, visited a doctor. The doctor examined her and said: "What you need is a change." The star looked at him incredulously. "A change?" she asked. "Do you know that during the last 18 months I've had three husbands, four cars, two jewel robberies, eleven cooks, two divorces and seven (juridical) What sort of a change did you have in mind?"

A Hollywood producer saw one famous film star dining at an exclusive restaurant with a woman. He asked who she was. "That is his wife," the producer was told. "His wife?" the producer exclaimed. "Goshaw! What a publicity stink!"

They do say that Hollywood is interested because a newspaper printed a factual article which included: "At

least 30 per cent of the known stars are less honest than the sun."

A designer once said: "A woman on the stage should be the star and the clothes her background." Judging by some of the things we have seen on the stage, some stars have rather sketchy backgrounds.

Which reminds us, the man who said there is a place for everything, forgot your elbow when you are sitting between two fat women at a picture theater.

And, of course, a picture theater is a place where the most groping scenes are not on the screen.

Two Hollywood chicks are a big star enter a famous saloon. Said one: "The hair was red when I last saw it." The other girls has a sympathetic look. "My dear, that was dyed age."

At least one star is not a bona fide. He is incurable.

The leading man in an epic was racking violent love before the cameras. "Hey," shouted the director, "The camera won't pass that stuff." The leading man paused long enough to say: "OK, save the film and switch off the lights." It's a great life in Hollywood.



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